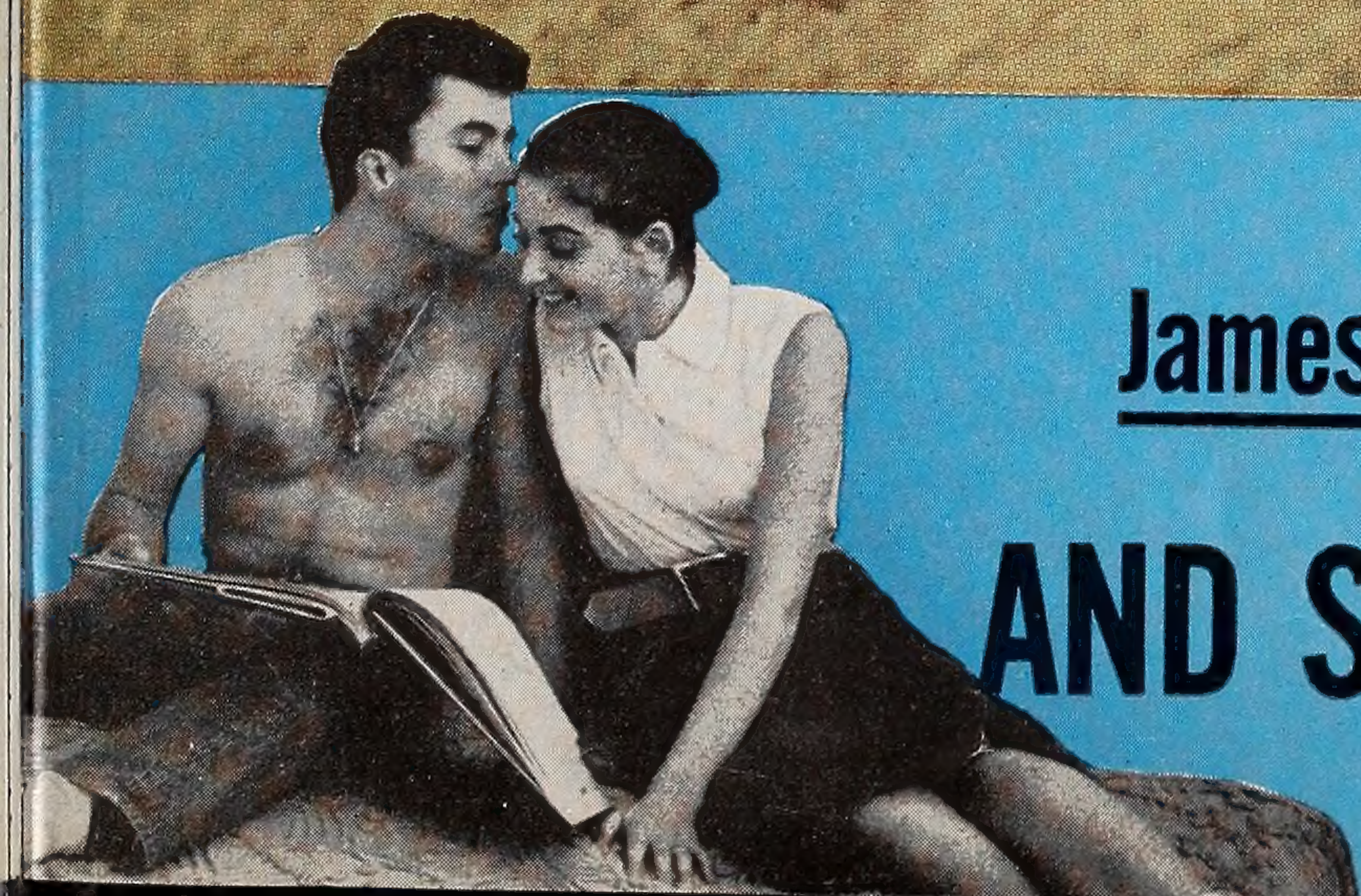


DELL

TONY SHOOTS JANET IN THE BATHTUB! see pics inside

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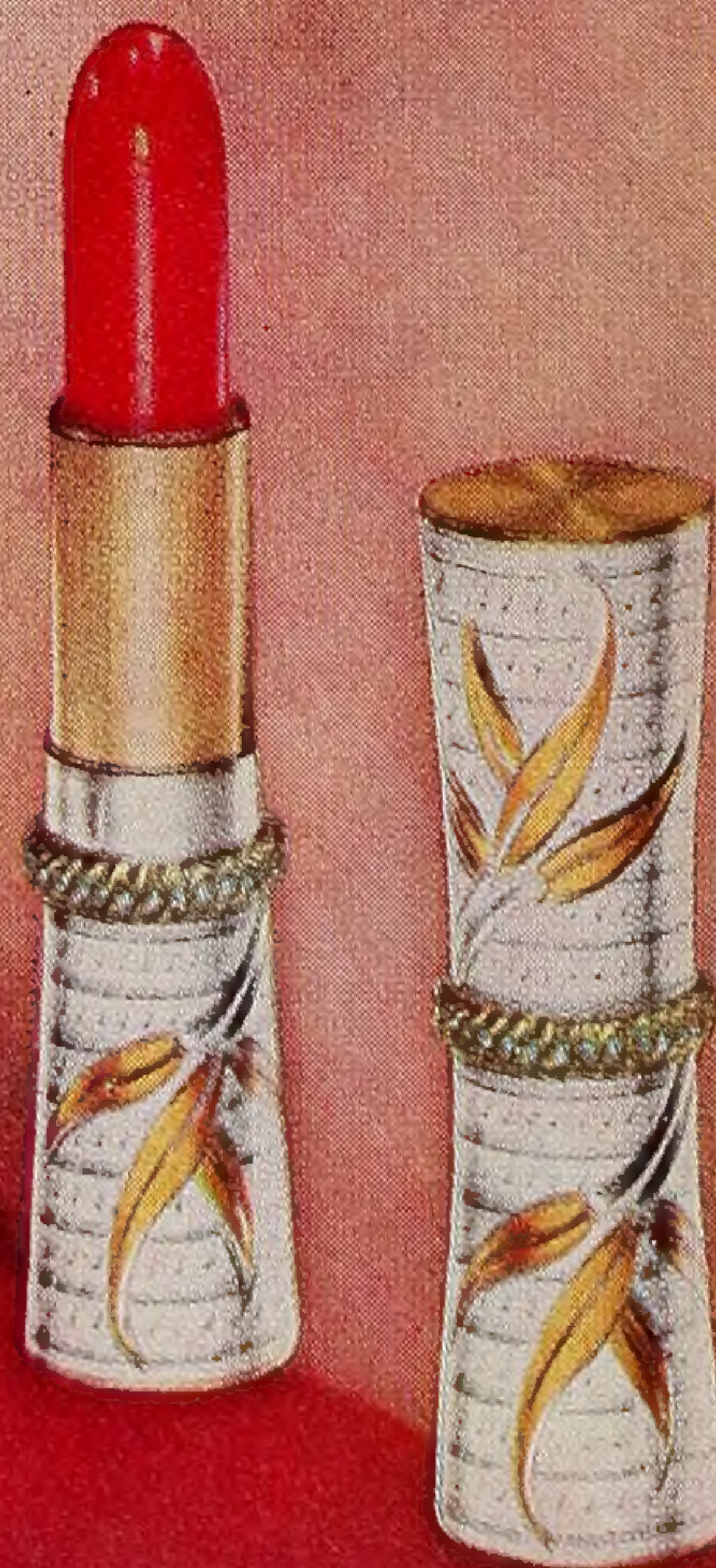


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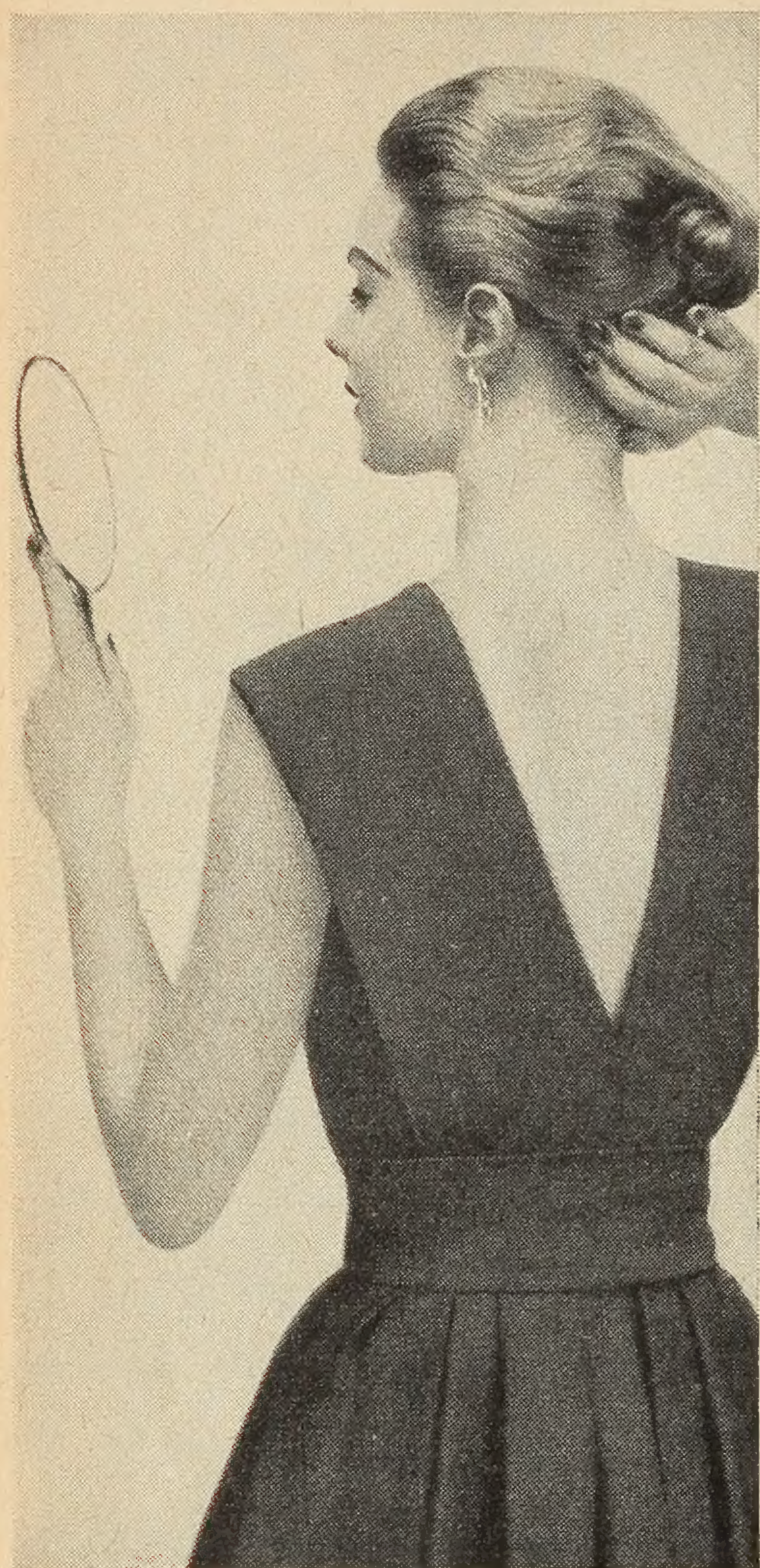
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MAY, 1958

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

STORIES

- | | | | |
|---|----|---|-------------------------|
| Perry Como | 21 | Happy 25th Wedding Anniversary | by Barbara Mayer |
| Brigitte Bardot | 22 | Her Shocking Life | by Héloïse Nouvelle |
| Dolores Hart, Venetia Stevenson, Diane Jergens, Molly Bee | 24 | How To Snag A Stag | as told to Helen Weller |
| Tommy Sands-Molly Bee | 28 | For Girls With Spring Fever—BOYS! | |
| Barbara Stanwyck | 30 | Tommy! Don't Throw Your Love Away! | |
| June Allyson-Dick Powell | 32 | Down Memory Lane | by Hugh Burrell |
| James Darren | 34 | Junie On The Spot! | by Daniel Stern |
| Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis | 35 | Introducing James Darren! | by Ed DeBlasio |
| Marilyn Monroe | 38 | Two Ladies In The Tub | by Janet Leigh |
| Alan Ladd | 40 | Honey, You Can Have A Baby! | |
| Debra Paget | 42 | The Best Party Sue And I Ever Went To | |
| Richard Egan-Pat Hardy | 44 | Here Come The Brides | |
| Joanne Woodward- | 45 | I Said Yes On Our First Date! | by Helen Weller |
| Paul Newman | 46 | In My Opinion, They Were Born For Each Other! | by Louella Parsons |
| Geoffrey Horne | | | |
| Glenn Ford | 48 | We Waited Five Years For This Moment | |
| Guy Madison | 50 | The Night That Geoffrey Proposed | by Beverly Linet |
| | 62 | Somebody Has To Believe In You | |
| | 66 | Sheila Made A Different Guy Out Of Me | by Peer Oppenheimer |

FEATURES

- | | | |
|------------------|----|--|
| Elvis Presley | 19 | On Cloud Nine . . . With Elvis |
| Steve Cochran | 56 | He Owes His Life To A Cat |
| Charlton Heston | 58 | Moses And The Dancing Girl |
| Jerry Lewis | 68 | Jerry Lewis's Surplus Suit Problem |
| Erin O'Brien | 70 | Erin Wouldn't Kiss Him For 3 Months |
| Arthur O'Connell | 74 | An Enlightening Interview |
| Robert Taylor | 76 | How Robert Taylor Proposed |
| Shelley Winters | 78 | How Realistic Can You Get? |
| Frank Sinatra | 80 | "Kid, You've Got Talent" |
| Miiko Taka | 82 | "You Oughta Be In Movies," The Producer Said |
| Anna Magnani | 84 | An Early Morning Encounter |

DEPARTMENTS

- | | |
|----|------------------------------|
| 11 | Louella Parsons In Hollywood |
| 4 | The Inside Story |
| 6 | New Movies |
| 60 | \$100 For You |
| 72 | May Birthdays |

Cover portrait of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh and James Darren by Larry Barbier, Jr., of Globe. Other photographer's credits on page 84.

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Betty's BLUE



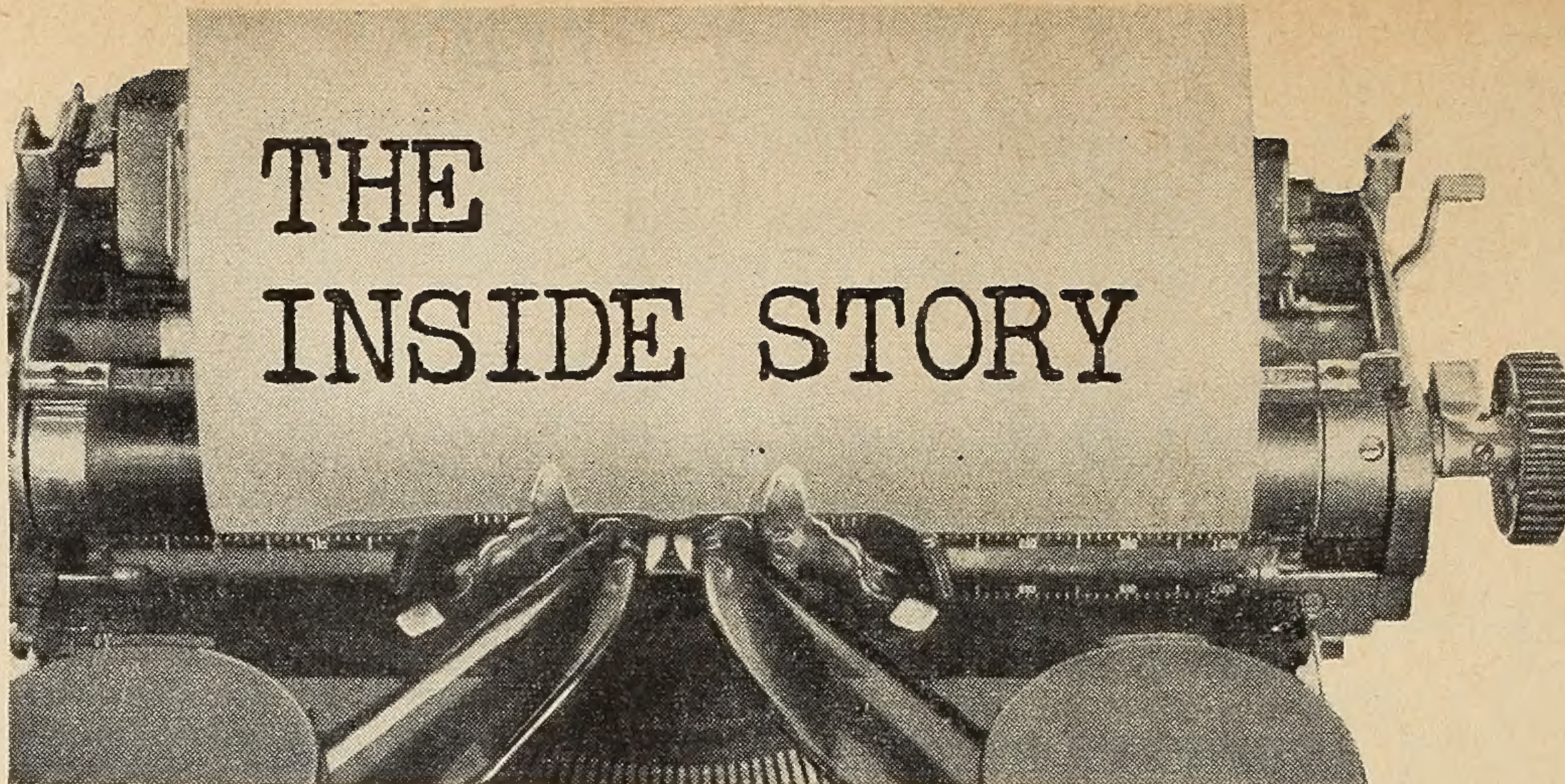
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Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 321 West 44th Street, New York 36. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q **June Haver** and **Fred MacMurray** have four children—are they all adopted?
—P.W., ERIE, PA.

A Yes.

Q Why does **Grace Kelly** still employ a Hollywood press agent?
—D.T., DENVER, COL.

A The movie colony expects **Grace** to return to film-making eventually.

Q Can you tell me how much money **Ricky Nelson** will earn this year?
—S.T., SANTA FE, N.M.

A Somewhere around \$300,000 if his record royalties hold up.

Q Why are recordings featuring male stars like **Boone**, **Presley**, and **Belafonte** out-selling recordings made by female stars like **Doris Day** and others?
—G.L., MIAMI, FLA.

A Nowadays most pop records are bought by teenaged girls who prefer male voices.

Q Does **Debra Paget's** mother really weigh 325 pounds?
—H.D., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A Your figure is exaggerated by 125 pounds at least. She's dieting now.

Q Is it on the level that in the **Jean Simmons-Stewart Granger** marriage, he does the cooking and cleaning?
—D.Y., DENVER, COL.

A Just the cooking.

Q Is it true that **Eddie Fisher** and **Debbie Reynolds** will get a divorce after their second child arrives?
—B.T., NEWARK, N.J.

A The Fishers are working out their problems.

Q I have a bet that the last picture **Greer Garson** and **Walter Pidgeon** appeared in together was *Mrs. Miniver*. Do I win or lose?
—G.L., LONDON, ENG.

A Lose; last picture together was *SCANDAL AT SCOURIE*.

Q Who plays tennis best in Hollywood?
—G.L., SANTA FE, N.M.

A Probably **Gilbert Roland**.

Q Wasn't **Sammy Davis, Jr.** romantically involved with a big movie queen recently?
—M.Y., CHICAGO, ILL.

A Yes.

Q Is it true that **Anna Maria Alberghetti** has enough money for life?
—D.L., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A Yes; her parents wisely invested her child-time earnings.

Q Wasn't **Pat Boone** broken-hearted when his wife gave birth to a fourth daughter? Weren't his parents against this marriage?
—D.B., FT. PIERCE, FLA.

A Boone was not broken-hearted. His parents weren't against the particular marriage; they were against very young marriage in general.

Q During the filming of *The Young Lions*, wasn't there a feud between **Marlon Brando** and **Montgomery Clift**?
—C.K., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A No feud; they hardly worked together.

Q Wasn't there a feud in Japan between **John Wayne** and **John Huston**?
—B.T., TULSA, OKLA.

A No feud. Wayne just found difficulty in following Huston's unique direction.

Q Can you tell me how much **Richard Widmark** gets per picture?
—S.B., MARION, IND.

A \$200,000, and frequently a percentage of the profits.

Q Is it true that **Betty Hutton** sang on Detroit street corners for pennies?
—J.F., DETROIT, MICH.

A Yes, as a youngster. Her fatherless family was very poor.

Q Isn't Mac Krim used as a blind for all those other boy-friends **Kim Novak** has?
—T.R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A Yes.

Q That Las Vegas show girl **Pat Sheehan**—now with **Dennis Crosby**—didn't she go steady with **Bing Crosby** for years?
—R.R., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A She went with Bing, but not steadily.

Q If **Sophia Loren** and her husband **Carlo Ponti** return to Italy, aren't they in danger of being arrested because their marriage isn't legal in Italy?
—N.D., DENVER, COL.

A No great danger.

Q Can you tell me how much **Diane Varsi** earns each week?
—S.T., FRESNO, CALIF.

A \$400 a week.

Q In *Pal Joey*, does **Rita Hayworth** do her own singing?
—E.I., WILMINGTON, MD.

A Anita Ellis has done most of it.

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songs sizzling 'round the world!

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NEW MOVIES

by *florence epstein*

**WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH**

FOR DRAMA

The Brothers Karamazov
The Young Lions
The Long, Hot Summer
Desire Under The Elms

FOR LAUGHS

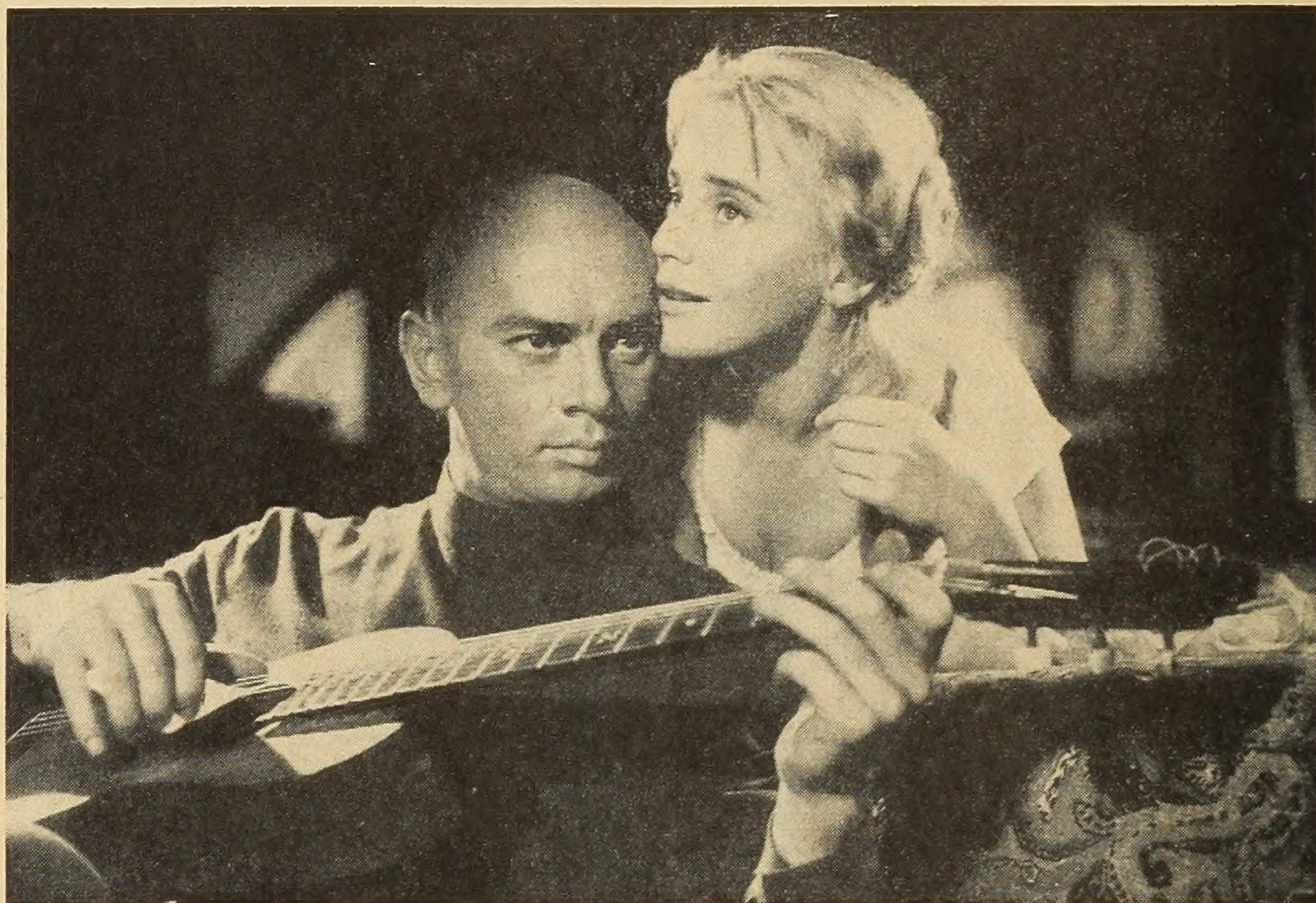
Merry Andrew

FOR THRILLS

Manhunt In The Jungle

FOR ADVENTURE

The One That Got Away



Yul Brynner and Maria Schell love each other. But his father wants her too—and he's got money.

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

love and murder

Yul Brynner
Maria Schell
Claire Bloom
Lee J. Cobb
Richard Basehart

■ A great novel by Dostoyevsky becomes a brilliant film glowing with intense color and photographed against backgrounds that recapture the Russia that Dostoyevsky described. And his tremendous characterizations are recreated by the superb performances of all the actors concerned. The landowner Karamazov, played by Lee J. Cobb, is properly lusty, depraved and contemptible. His three sons bear the burden of his name in widely differing ways. Alexey (William Shatner) is saintly, preparing for priesthood; Ivan (Richard Basehart) is an intellectual, rigidly repressed man who believes there is no God; Dmitri (Yul Brynner) is high-strung and easily depressed as he struggles to free himself from thoughts of self-destruction. Then there is Smerdyakov (Albert Salmi), a savage epileptic who claims to be Cobb's illegitimate son. Brynner dominates in the film, along with Maria Schell, who plays Grushenka, the wild, vibrant woman desired by him—and by his father. But Dmitri, plagued by money troubles, is already engaged to wealthy Claire Bloom; her love, unreturned by Dmitri, turns into hatred when she realizes Dmitri's interest in Maria. The scenes of Dmitri and Maria together, incidentally, blaze with passion. When Cobb is murdered, suspicion naturally falls on Dmitri, who had threatened to kill him because of his insane jealousy of Grushenka. Go see *The Brothers Karamazov*—it's one of the best of the year.—METROCOLOR, MGM.

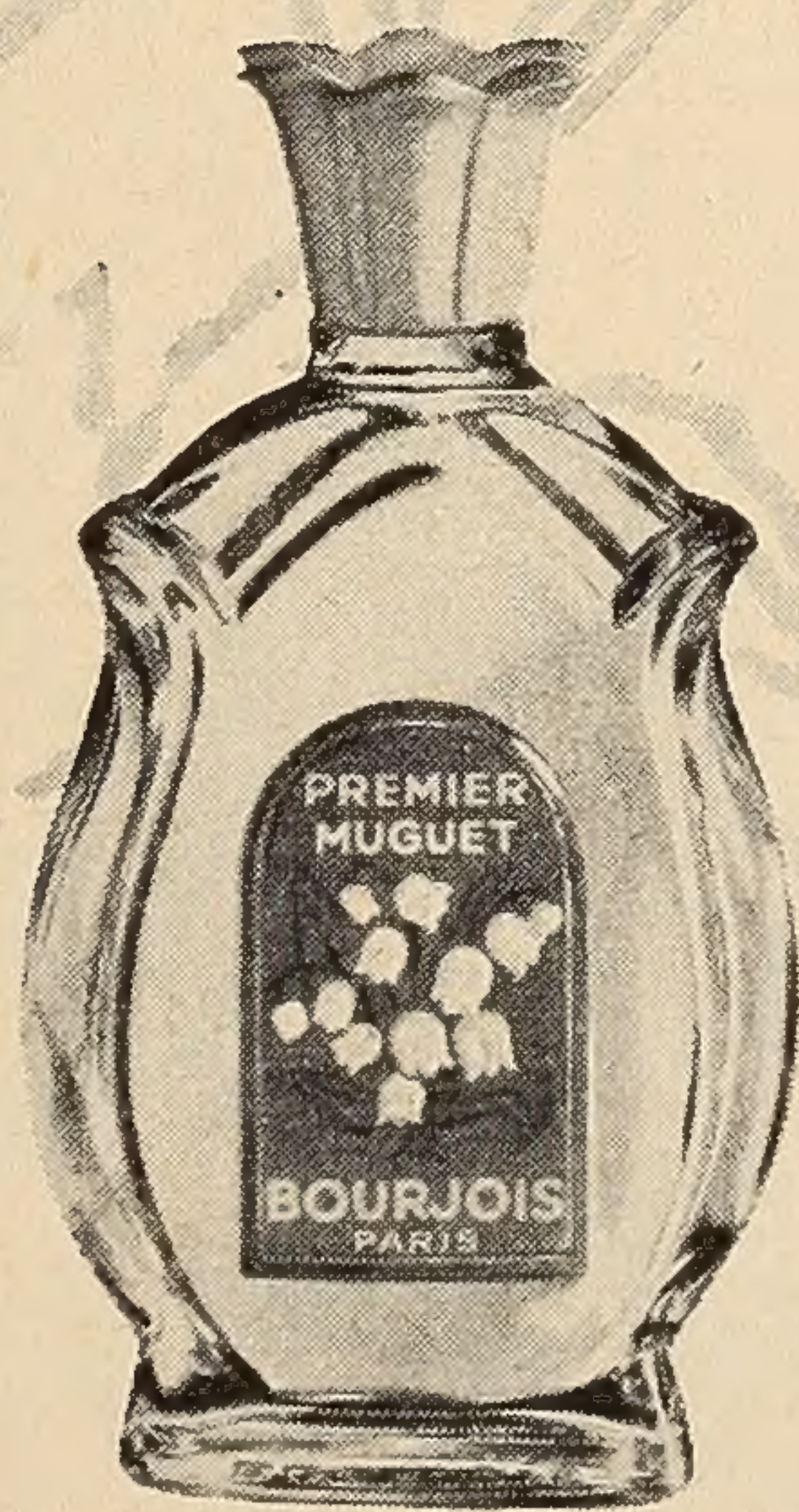
THE YOUNG LIONS

drama of World War II

Marlon Brando
Montgomery Clift
Dean Martin
Barbara Rush
Hope Lange

■ Sometimes it takes war for people to find themselves—especially the young men who, faced with death, begin questioning the meaning of their lives. In this film, adapted from the novel by Irwin Shaw, three men in particular are involved. There is Marlon Brando, a young German officer who went along with Nazism on the theory that it would help conditions at home. His exposure to the brutality of Nazi warfare shakes the foundations of his soul. There is Montgomery Clift, a frail, sensitive American Jew who fights a battle for equality in training camp—and then fights like a hero overseas. There is Dean Martin, a flashy Broadway actor and self-confessed coward—of considerable charm—who eventually realizes that he can no longer stand on the sidelines and asks for duty at the front. There are the women in these men's lives (French Liliane Montevecchi, Hope Lange, Barbara Rush) who influence their sweethearts' behavior; they represent humanity, and the virtues that are worth saving and fighting for. There is May Britt, on the other hand, a German officer's wife who is living it up in Berlin and is completely ruthless and selfish. Although Martin's and Clift's lives run together, Brando's problem develops separately from theirs . . . until the end. *The Young Lions* is a big, big story. It tries to cover the whole Western World during the second World War, and it is an absorbing, well-acted attempt.—20TH-FOX.

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MERRY ANDREW

comedy with Danny Kaye

Danny Kaye
Pier Angeli
Baccaloni
Robert Coote
Peter Mamakos

■ The perennial charm of Danny Kaye breaks into moments of true hilarity in *Merry Andrew*, the story of an English teacher who is scared of his own father—Pop is the headmaster of the school. Danny has been engaged for five years to a prim teacher (Patricia Cutts). Danny is convinced that an ancient statuette of the god Pan is buried in a Sussex meadow. Finding it, he thinks, will give him the confidence he needs to stand up to his father. But this particular meadow is occupied by a traveling circus run by Baccaloni who, with his five husky sons, keeps a too-protective eye on aerialist Pier Angeli. Danny, dressed for a safari, starts digging anyway. Following his map, he digs himself right up into the lion act during a matinee. At other times he takes over as master of ceremonies, is the hapless victim in a tumbling act, and is tossed from brother to brother on the flying trapeze—they're getting even for Pier, who loves him, but can't lure him away from his fiancée. It's a gay film, carried by Kaye's comic mastery.—METROCOLOR, MGM.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

passion in New England

Anthony Perkins
Sophia Loren
Frank Overton
Burl Ives
Pernell Roberts

■ Family life as portrayed by Eugene O'Neill is always as peaceful as a pit of cobras. *Desire Under The Elms* takes place on a New England farm, where a domineering, self-centered, powerful old buzzard of a father (Burl Ives) brings a young and beautiful foreigner (Sophia Loren) as wife and housekeeper. She marries him for security only, so it's no wonder that she falls for his son (Anthony Perkins). Anthony's two half-brothers leave for California when they realize they won't inherit the farm. Perkins sticks around because he feels that the farm is his, since his mother owned it before she married Burl. Sophia, enraged by Perkins' first hatred of her, gets the promise from the old man that if they have a son he'll leave the farm to her. The trouble is, it looks as if Burl will never die. The other trouble is, Perkins does not remain hostile for long—and the son Sophia has is his. Emotions in this film are never lukewarm or unexpressed; the acting is excellent.—VISTAVISION, PARAMOUNT.



8 Pier Angeli falls for Danny Kaye, but he's shy.

THE LONG, HOT SUMMER

life in the deep south

Paul Newman
Joanne Woodward
Anthony Franciosa
Orson Welles
Lee Remick

■ Here is a picture of the South today, adapted from the work of novelist William Faulkner. It is brimming with vitality and the struggle of several young people to overcome the dullness in their lives and the domination of Orson Welles, who owns a big house and, in fact, owns the whole town. His son (Anthony Franciosa) is doing all right helping with business, and he's doing fine at home with his flamboyant wife (Lee Remick) until penniless Paul Newman and his shady reputation arrive. Welles recognizes his own character in Newman and encourages him to take his son's place—in business and in his own affection. Orson's daughter, Joanne Woodward, has her father's fire, but it's subdued. She prefers the genteel company of Richard Anderson, who has been nearly totally absorbed by his genteel mother. Orson wants heirs for his empire and he orders Joanne to marry either Anderson or Newman, but to hurry. While she is angrily rebelling at this ultimatum, Newman is being shocked into maturity and Franciosa, whose self-respect has reached the vanishing point, turns to violence to restore it. It's a meaty story revealing many sides of the southerner's character—and of people in general.—DELUXE COLOR, CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

a Nazi escapes

Hardy Kruger
Colin Gordon
Michael Goodliffe
Terence Alexander
Jack Gwillim

■ This is the true story of the only German prisoner of war taken by the British in World War II who escaped from captivity and made it back to the homeland. It was stubbornness rather than cleverness that finally turned the trick. His first attempt, in England's Lake District, brings out what looks like the entire British infantry to hunt him down. His second attempt consists of posing as a Dutch pilot and brazenly presenting himself at an RAF station to steal a plane. He doesn't. His final effort is to jump out of a moving train which is transporting him to a "safe" camp in Canada. He walks across country, which is buried in snow, and then walks across the St. Lawrence River, which is buried in ice. Of course, that is no boy-scout hike—he nearly freezes to death before he reaches America's still-neutral soil. I must admit I was always rooting for the other side.—RANK.



Sophia Loren married Burl Ives . . . but why?

MANHUNT IN THE JUNGLE

adventure in Brazil

Robin Hughes
Luis Alvarez
James Wilson
Jorge Montoro
Natalia Manzuelas

■ Seems that in 1925, one Colonel P. H. Fawcett disappeared in the interior of Brazil while searching for an ancient city. Now, in 1928, Commander George Dyott (Robin Hughes) follows his trail with a rescue party. Starting from Rio de Janeiro with mules and native helpers, he proceeds across miles of desert to the edge of a jungle which is inhabited by notoriously unfriendly Kalapalos Indians as well as by man-eating animals—and man-eating plants, too! The mules go home and the party proceeds in canvas canoes. The rapids are bad enough, but the piranha fish—which attack anything that moves, and eat it alive—are awful. Enter the Kalapalos, whose chief (Luis Alvarez) looks like a cross between Red Skelton and a cigar store Indian. First he wants presents; then he wants blood. The scenery's wonderful—the film was photographed entirely in the Amazon country—and the adventures will keep you on the edge of your seat.—WARNER-COLOR, WARNERS.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW SHOWING

TEACHER'S PET (Paramount): Doris Day is teaching college journalism to star pupil Clark Gable, who is really a big-shot newspaper editor in disguise. Gable is a self-made man, and tries to engage teacher Gig Young in a battle of wits to prove to Doris his (Gable's, of course) natural superiority. What is proved is that this picture is very very funny. Nick Adams and Mamie Van Doren are in it, too.

COWBOY (CinemaScope, Columbia): Anna Kashfi's in this, as a Mexican girl loved hopelessly by Jack Lemmon. Jack's just a clerk in a Chicago hotel and Anna's father doesn't approve of him. So he goes out and learns how to be tough from cattleman Glenn Ford and Glenn's hard-driving crew.

CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW (Warner Brothers): Anne Baxter is an heiress who lives alone in a castle on an island off Spain. Her brother died in an auto crash—but then Richard Todd comes along claiming to be her brother and suggesting that she must be losing her mind as well as her memory. No one is on Anne's side, but she's the only one who knows where the diamonds are hidden.

SING, BOY, SING! (20th-Fox): Tommy Sands is turned into another Elvis Presley. First he's a simple home boy singing hymns and playing guitar at revival meetings with grandpa John McIntire. Then Edmond O'Brien discovers him, exploits him, and gets him an engagement at the Roxy and a Hollywood contract. The conflict comes in making a choice between success and Grandpa's dying words.

BEAUTIFUL BUT DANGEROUS (20th-Fox): All kinds of things happen in this. Gina Lollobrigida sings, and very well. Vittorio Gassman provides romance—and a sinister note—as a Russian Prince who discovers Gina. Robert Alda portrays the great maestro who coaches her. And there's a murder and false fears—before the film comes to its climax.

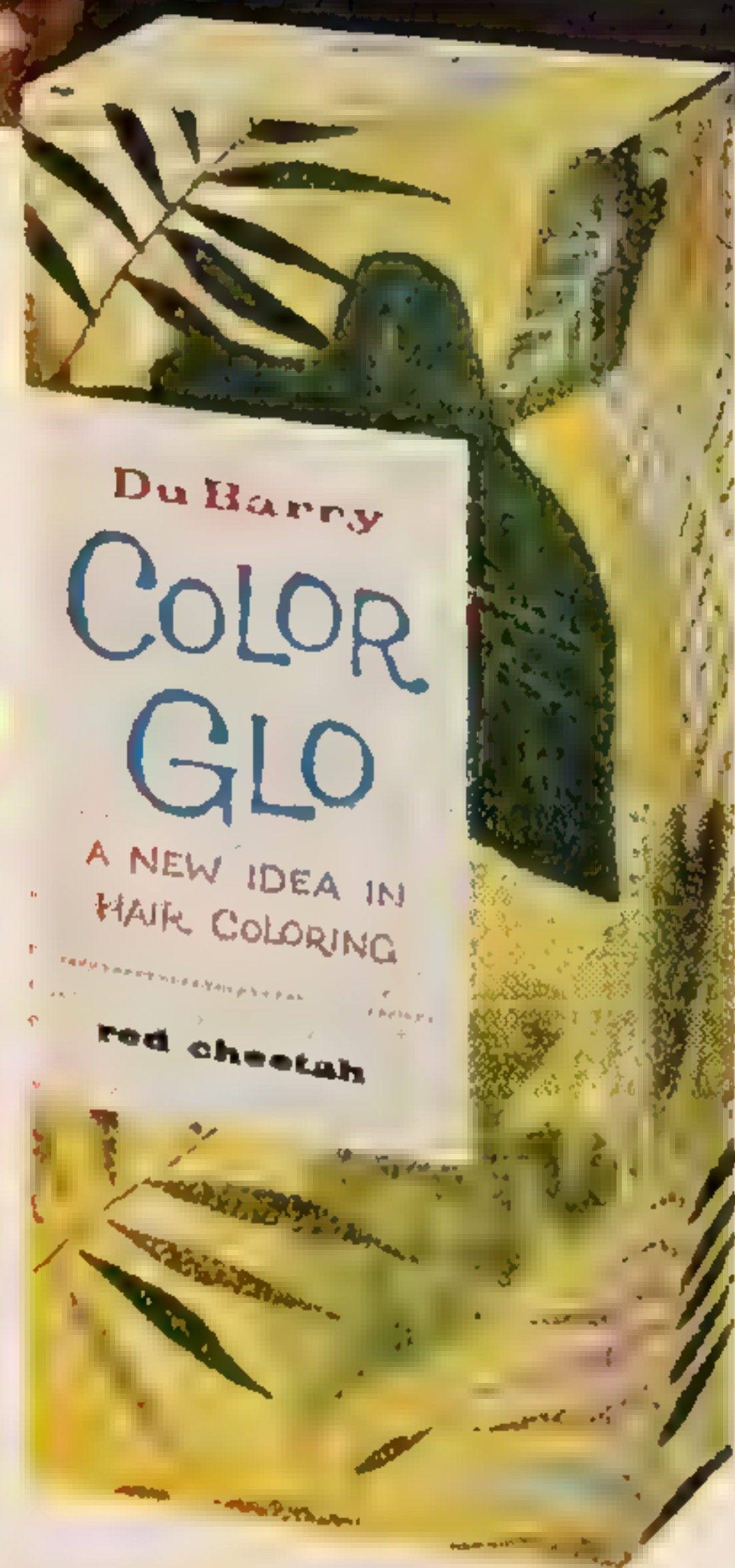


Indian chief Luis Alvarez is the real villain.



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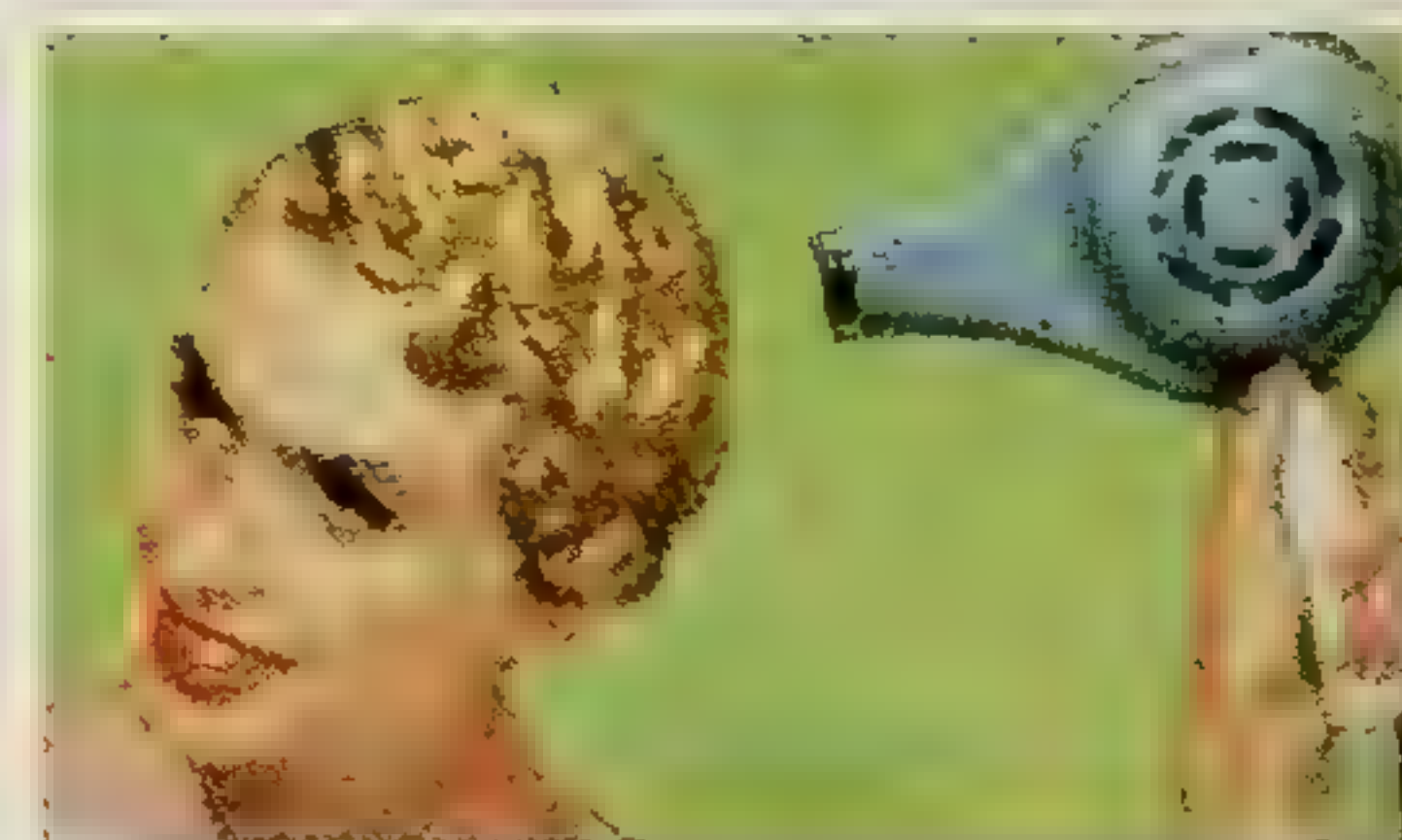
No need for drying hair sprays, no nightly pin-ups! No resetting even through day after day of damp weather. Pin-Quick weatherproof curls last for months—stay soft, shiny, full of life! For the *one* pincurl permanent that takes only minutes, yet gives you months of shining weatherproof curls, get new Pin-Quick by Richard Hudnut.

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LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

★ Parties—for such wonderful reasons

IN THIS ISSUE:

★ Babies—for so many happy people

★ Romance—for so-much-in-love lovers



HOPE LANGE



RUSS TAMBLYN—DIANE VARSI



MIYOSHI UMEKI



JOANNE WOODWARD



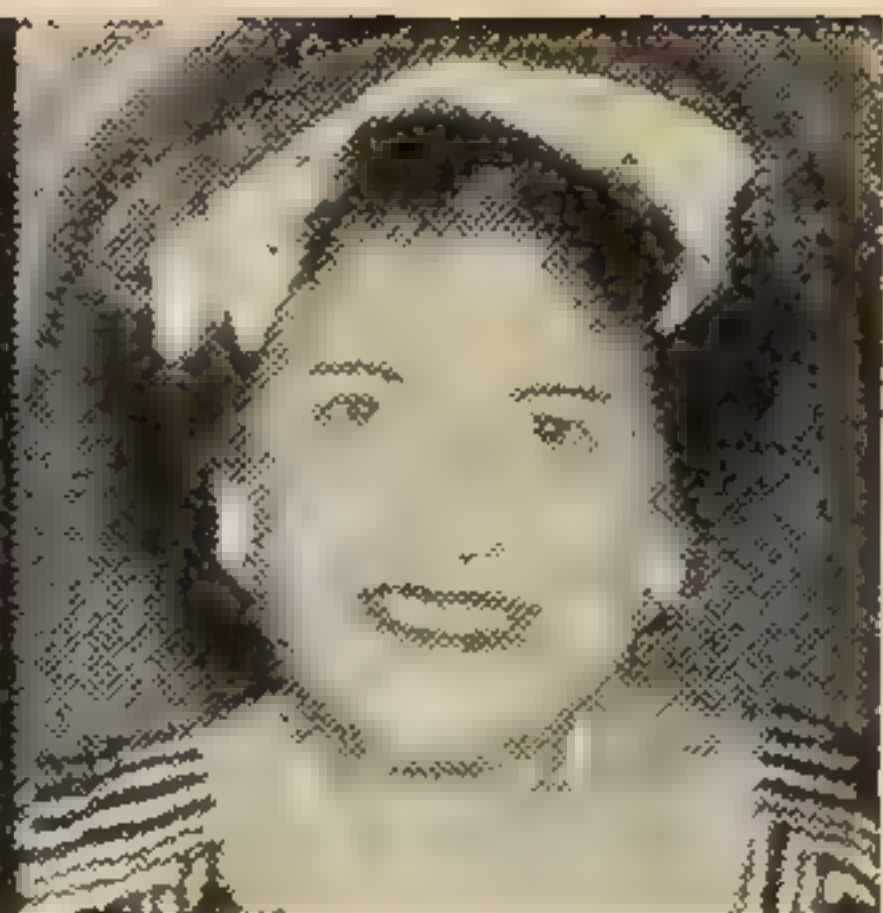
CAROLYN JONES

Youth will receive

OSCARS

see page 15

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



The Ball was for sweet charity's sake—and what a ball we had, Jimmy McHugh, Patti Page, Mrs. David Hearst and me!

PARTIES of the month

THE STARS TURNED OUT for the charming cocktail party given by writer Sara Hamilton, of my staff, for her daughter Sally Oppenheimer—who hasn't visited her home town in nine years.

The first person I met when I arrived was Marlon Brando, Sr., the good-looking and very charming father of you-know-who. All I can say is that **Marlon**, the star, never inherited his social diffidence from his father, who is so cordial and approachable. I told Mr. Brando I had seen his son in *The Young Lions* and thought he gave one of his greatest performances.

"He'll be very glad to hear that," Brando, Sr. said graciously.

Martha Hyer and **Gene Kelly** arrived separately—but left together! This is the second time I've noticed this. Is more cooking here romantically than meets the eye?

Gene told me he was having a ball directing *Tunnel of Love* at MGM, the first film he's ever directed that he doesn't appear in.

Among the early arrivals was **June Allyson** in one of the new hip-line tailored suits, her hair shorter than ever. Her devoted **Dick Powell** was never far from her side.

Margaret O'Brien, so youthful and yet so poised, wore a red chiffon sack dress. She has the cute figure for this style, but personally, I still don't like them. Maggie's date was **Nick Adams**, who told me he was leaving the next day to join honeymooners **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner** on their yacht in Catalina harbor.

One of the prettiest girls present was **Dolores Hart**, whose blonde, serene beauty reminds me of Grace Kelly. And you should read what pretty Dolores has to say about boys! The story starts on page 24.

Ann Sothorn, in a red dress with a wide red stole, was talking styles with Don Loper and Ann said, "No sack dresses for me, thank you." And Don replied, "And there's not a one in my new collection!"

A BEAUTIFUL COSTUME PARTY—the most beautiful in a long, long time—was the Golden Nugget Ball sponsored by the Jimmy McHugh Charities for the benefit of the Desert Hospital in Palm Springs at the El Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs.

Although the motif of the party was Western, I've seldom seen more gorgeous costumes—dance hall girls with huge plumes in their hair; stunning cowgirl outfits in every color of the rainbow; Indians; lovely pantaloone dresses, and, well, the entire room was an eyeful of beautiful women beautifully costumed.

Although **Patti Page** has her popular *Big Record* TV show to keep her very busy, she promised composer McHugh she would fly out to be the Queen of his Golden Nugget Ball—and she did! Patti looked wonderful in her black and white cowgirl outfit and she brought the house down when she sang. The most beaming smile in the crowd was on the face of her proud husband, Charlie O'Curran. These two are really in love.

Another singer, **Ginny Sims**, wore a huge plumed hat and had her dress caught up on one side to show a garter with a rose right above her knee.

Sonja Henie was the only person present not in costume, but when Sonja wears those fantastic diamonds of hers, she doesn't need any more sparkle!

It was a big and glamorous evening that raised much moola for this very fine cause.

They were wonderful parties. But the most wonderful part of all—was the spirit in which they were given.



Ginny Simms looks like she's all set for the chan-toosie role in the dance-hall scene—and Patti Page is dressed for rescuing her fella from Ginny's clutches!

Cobina Wright came in costume, too—but Sonia Henie, escorted by her husband, figured the diamonds she's famous for would be 'costume' enough.



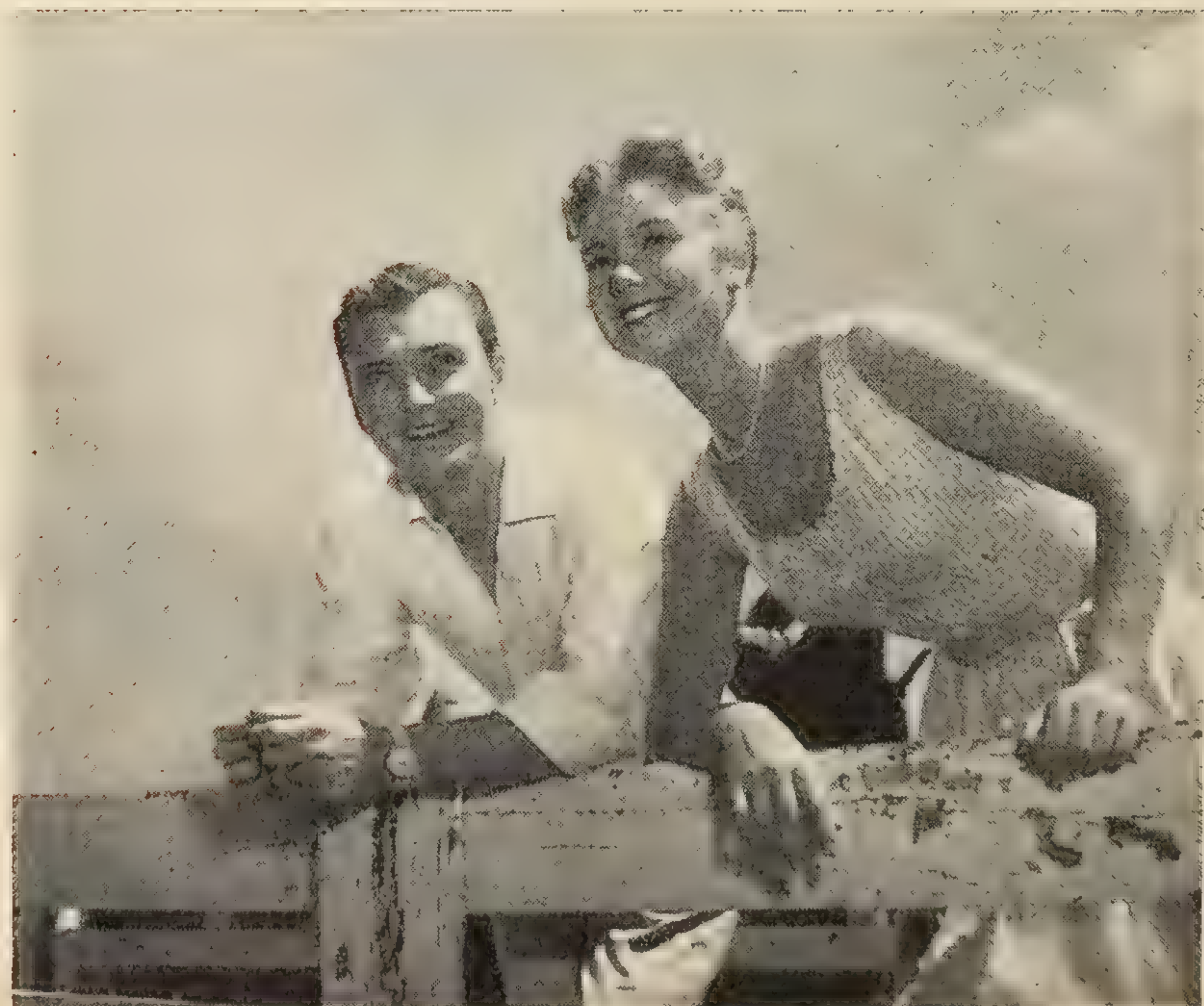
It was such a pleasure meeting Marlon Brando, Sr.! He is so charming! But then, of course—maybe Marlon, Sr. wouldn't shine in front of the cameras like his son does!

June Allyson and her new hair-do made quite an attractive package for husband Dick Powell to be real proud of! And he is!



Those happy smiles on Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hall—Leslie Caron, to her fans—are for the stork. They're so thrilled that he's paying them a second visit!

And Kathy Grant—the Groaner's Missus— isn't looking sad about the good news she just got! Yes, indeed—the stork is sure going to be busy in Hollywood, come August.



It's hard to tell who's wearing the bigger smile in the Cassidy family—Pop-to-be Jack, or his pretty wife Shirley Jones.

A busy month for the Stork

I almost blew up . . . and I mean that literally, keeping **Kathy Crosby's** secret—for ten days!—that she and **Bing** are expecting a baby in August. Then I finally received the Go sign to break the scoop!

The strain was more than I could bear because it gets harder and harder to keep any secret in Hollywood, much less one with such big news value: the beloved Groaner and his pretty bride were on the Stork's list.

But the story held for me, and I knew the reporter's greatest delight when I had a clean beat of four hours in newspapers all around the country in telling the world that the Crosbys are 'expecting.'

Can you imagine what will happen if Bing and Kathy have a girl?

That whole male clan of Crosbys, Bing and his four sons, will spoil her to pieces—and you know it!

But Kathy says, and she seems sincere, "Either a boy or a girl will be welcome, just so the child is healthy and happy."

There are many qualities I appreciate in Kathy—her sweetness and poise and intelligence—but above all, she never tries to put me off when I ask her a direct question. I had been tipped that Mrs. Bing was pregnant. When I called her she said, "I think, I hope it is true—but just give me a little more time to make sure and I will tell you the truth." That "little more time" extended into ten days—and I mean I was nervous!

Before the baby story broke, Kathy had been making news of another sort. She had also been keeping the secret that she has been working as a volunteer nurse two days a week at Queen of Angels Hospital, something she started before her marriage to Bing. Sister Timothy Marie, head of the hospital, said of Kathy, "She is a sympathetic, yet efficient, worker. We are so appreciative of her services to the patients."

And Mrs. Crosby had also stirred up excitement by registering at Los Angeles City College for pre-nursing courses just twenty-four hours before I proudly told the world that she is to become a mother.

What a girl she is. Bing is very lucky.

Leslie Caron was a happy girl when she called to tell me that she and Peter Hall are expecting their second baby in September. The little French dancer had flown to Hollywood to sing one song number and do some extra scenes for *Gigi* and she could hardly wait to get back to Europe, her husband and their year-old-son Christopher. "Naturally we are hoping for a girl," she told me, "but we really won't care if we have another little boy."

Marriage and motherhood have worked miracles in Leslie's personality. Formerly a very shy and retiring girl, she is now vivacious, gay and talkative. Love really is the greatest beautifier of all.

And **Shirley Jones** and **Jack Cassidy** also learned they will become parents—for the first time—and they are gleeful about it.

The **Gregory Pecks** are expecting their second baby this summer. Greg sent a cable to me from Mexico, where he is on location with the *Bravados* company and Veronique is visiting him. The cable read:

WE HOPE FOR A GIRL. BUT EXPECT A BOY.

Greg has three sons by his marriage to Greta Peck and another little boy born to him and Veronique last year.



They were mighty clever, Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. So clever—they almost had their "moment of privacy."

Joanne almost got her wish

So quietly and secretly did **Joanne Woodward** and **Paul Newman** plan their wedding in Las Vegas that Joanne almost got her wish. She said, "All I ask is this one moment of privacy."

The day before the wedding, Joanne and her close friends Mrs. Jay Kanter and Ina Bernstein—Ina was maid of honor—boarded a plane to Las Vegas and checked into El Rancho Vegas Hotel without being recognized.

The morning of the wedding, Paul flew in with his best man, Stewart Stern—and he, too, was unrecognized!

"This was a switch," Joanne later laughed. "Here was I, the bride, waiting at the Church—or I should say Beldon Katleman's bungalow, where we were married—for the arrival of the bridegroom! If Paul's plane had been delayed, I think I would have died of embarrassment at being even temporarily stood up."

But no such thing happened, and Paul and Joanne, who have been so very much in love for years, got their hearts' desire and were married with just their close friends present. After the ceremony, of course, the photographers took over.

Joanne wore a beige chiffon dress with matching gloves. Paul slipped a big diamond on her finger as well as the platinum wedding band set with diamonds.

The day after the ceremony, the happy newlyweds planed off for Europe for a short honeymoon. Then Paul reports for *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* with **Liz Taylor** at MGM.

Joanne and Paul met when both were appearing in *Picnic* on the Broadway stage, but

their friendship didn't grow into love until they both landed in Hollywood for screen careers after Paul had parted from his wife.

The Oscars

One of the biggest thrills to me about the Academy Award Nominations this year is that so many new faces received recognition. Count 'em—**Diane Varsi** and **Hope Lange** (*Peyton Place*); **Russ Tamblyn**, in the same picture; **Joanne Woodward**, a newcomer in the star category for her fine work in *Three Faces of Eve*; lovely little Japanese actress **Miyoshi Umeki** in *Sayonara* and **Carolyn Jones** in *The Bachelor Party*.

For years, Hollywood has been talking a good game of seeking new talent. But this is the first year Hollywood has proven that it meant what was said.

Every ambitious boy and girl in America who one day hopes to become an actor or actress should take heart over these bright, fresh Oscar candidates!

I don't mean to give the idea that all you have to do is buy a ticket for Hollywood and apply for work and these opportunities will be open to you. Nothing is farther from the truth.

Every one of these successful young people, as youthful as they are, have dramatic training back of them in TV, summer stock, the New York theatre or dramatic schools. They have worked hard for the fine honor they have achieved. In some cases, there has been genuine heartache in the sacrifices they have made to learn the rudiments of their profession.

But the fact remains that the door to Hollywood is again open to new faces and new talent.

And for this—Allah be praised!

Open letter to Diane Varsi

Take it easy, my young friend—take it easy. When I heard that you had collapsed on the set of *Ten North Frederick*, from what the doctors termed "emotional fatigue," I thought—how young you are to be suffering from something that is perilously close to a nervous breakdown.

I know that life and big success have rushed in on you in overwhelming waves during this past year. As I write this, you have just been nominated for an Academy Award—the highest honor your profession can pay you—for your fine supporting work in *Peyton Place*.

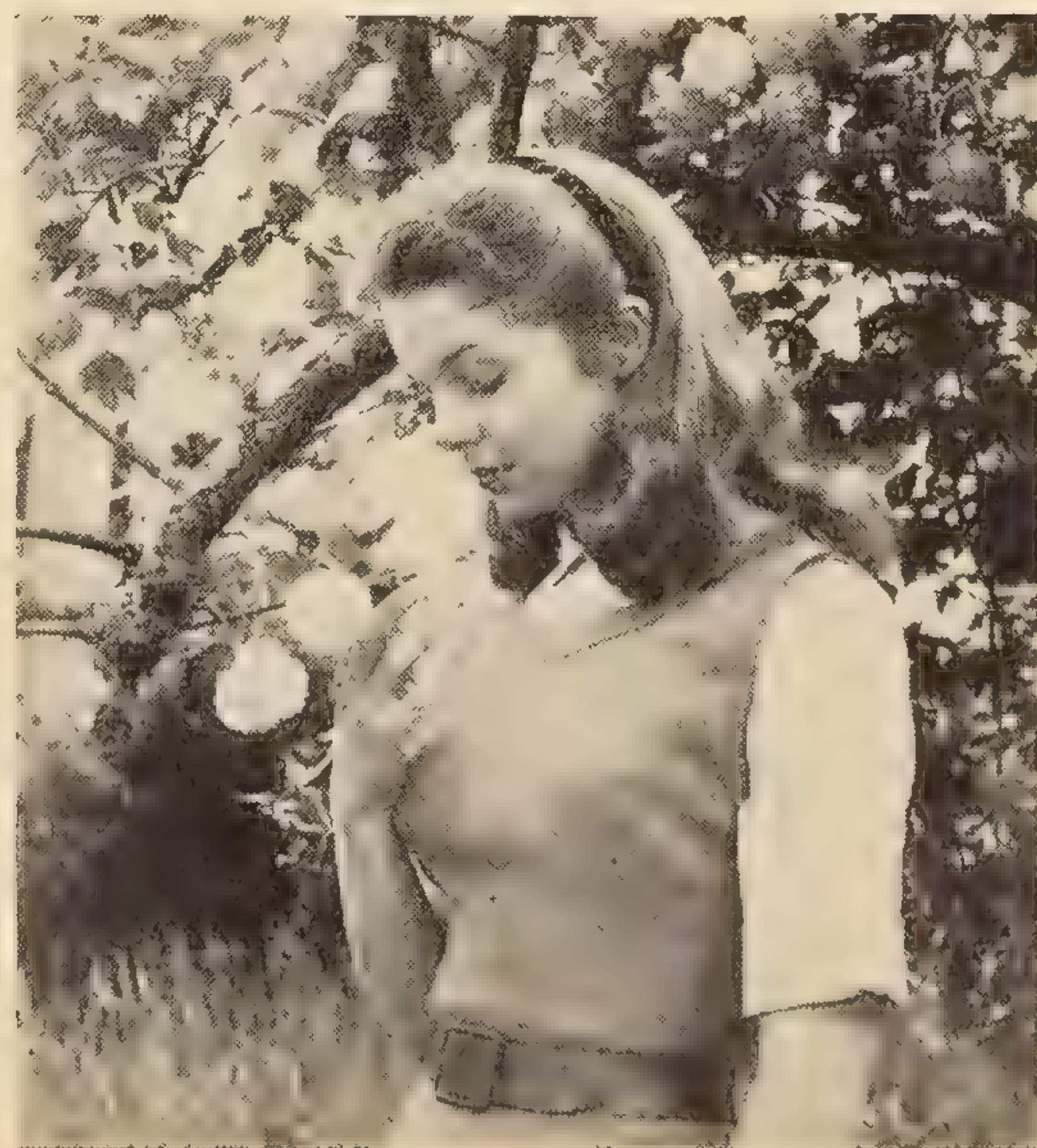
And, at the unbelievable age of nineteen, you have also this year ended your second

unhappy marriage. And you have a son by your first marriage. Diane, you have packed more living into your short span than many women experience all their lives.

My point is this: in both your professional and private life, stop racing your emotions and slow down to a walk. It is fine to be one of the dedicated actresses caring only for your next role, particularly in your case because you feel that love and marriage have been cruel to you.

But don't draw within yourself as you have been doing, staying home night after night studying your scripts or brooding over the failures of your personal life. After all, you are only nineteen—and it's a gloriously young age no matter what your past experience.

Have a little fun, go dancing now and then, buy yourself some of the pretty clothes you can afford, cultivate outside interests. In short, Diane—take it easy.





There's a particular book that Barbara Rush should read.



Maybe Dana Wynter's been doing too much TV—but husband Greg Bautzer should slow her down!



Liz Taylor says she's gonna—but I don't believe it, nor does Mike.

Personal opinions

Well, here comes **Liz Taylor** announcing that she's giving up her career after she makes *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* and *Don Quixote* for Don Mike Todd! I don't believe it. I think it would bore Liz—and Mike—if she turned into just "the little woman" around the house". . . .

I like **Barbara Rush** as an actress and a person. But she's too plump in *The Young Lions*. Get out that diet book, gal. . . .

On the other hand, I'd like to see lovely **Dana Wynter** put on some needed poundage. Guess it all comes under the heading of—you can't win. . . .

Marlon Brando, Sr.—the one-and-only **Marlon's** dad—is completely charming the people he's been meeting at recent cocktail parties. What a nice man, with such gracious manners. If Jr. were just more like him socially, what a guy he'd be!

Difficult or not, Marlon is just great as the young Nazi soldier in *The Young Lions*. Sometimes I could murder him in cold blood for his conduct off-screen, but there's no argument—he's just tops on the screen. . . .

When and if "sex-kitten" **Brigitte Bardot** and that singing "gasser" **Frank Sinatra**—to quote his own favorite adjective—make a movie together, the French honey and Frankie should burn up the screen! And there's a hot chance that such teaming is on the way now that Brigitte has signed an exclusive contract with Columbia, where Frankie has made his best films. . . .

The financial settlement between **Esther Williams** and Ben Gage may be peaceful after all—which is a relief. Fireworks had first been expected over the large amount Ben was asking from the swim queen.



If Frankie Sinatra and Sex-Kitten Brigitte Bardot do get together for that movie he'd like to make with her—well, they'd better keep the studio fire truck on the alert!



I nominate for stardom...

... **Hope Lange**, the really beautiful girl who proves herself such a good actress in *Peyton Place* and *The Young Lions*.

Hope always reminds me of those days, way back, when an actress had to be an outstanding beauty to rate a film career,—I mean gorgeous women like Billie Dove, Katherine MacDonald, Barbara La Marr, Vilma Banky and many others.

Now girls with piquant faces—and some who are downright plain—can get to the top if they are good performers. But Hope is not only talented, her face is a dream.

In private life she is Mrs. **Don Murray**, no mean actor himself, and Hope says it was inevitable that she marry an actor because she comes of a theatrical family. Her mother, Minetta Buddecke, played in Shakespeare on Broadway before she retired to own and operate the famed Minetta's Cafe in New York City's Greenwich Village—hailed by *Holiday Magazine* for its fine food.

As a young girl Hope helped wait on tables in her mother's place while she was getting her dramatic training at the Lodge Professional School.

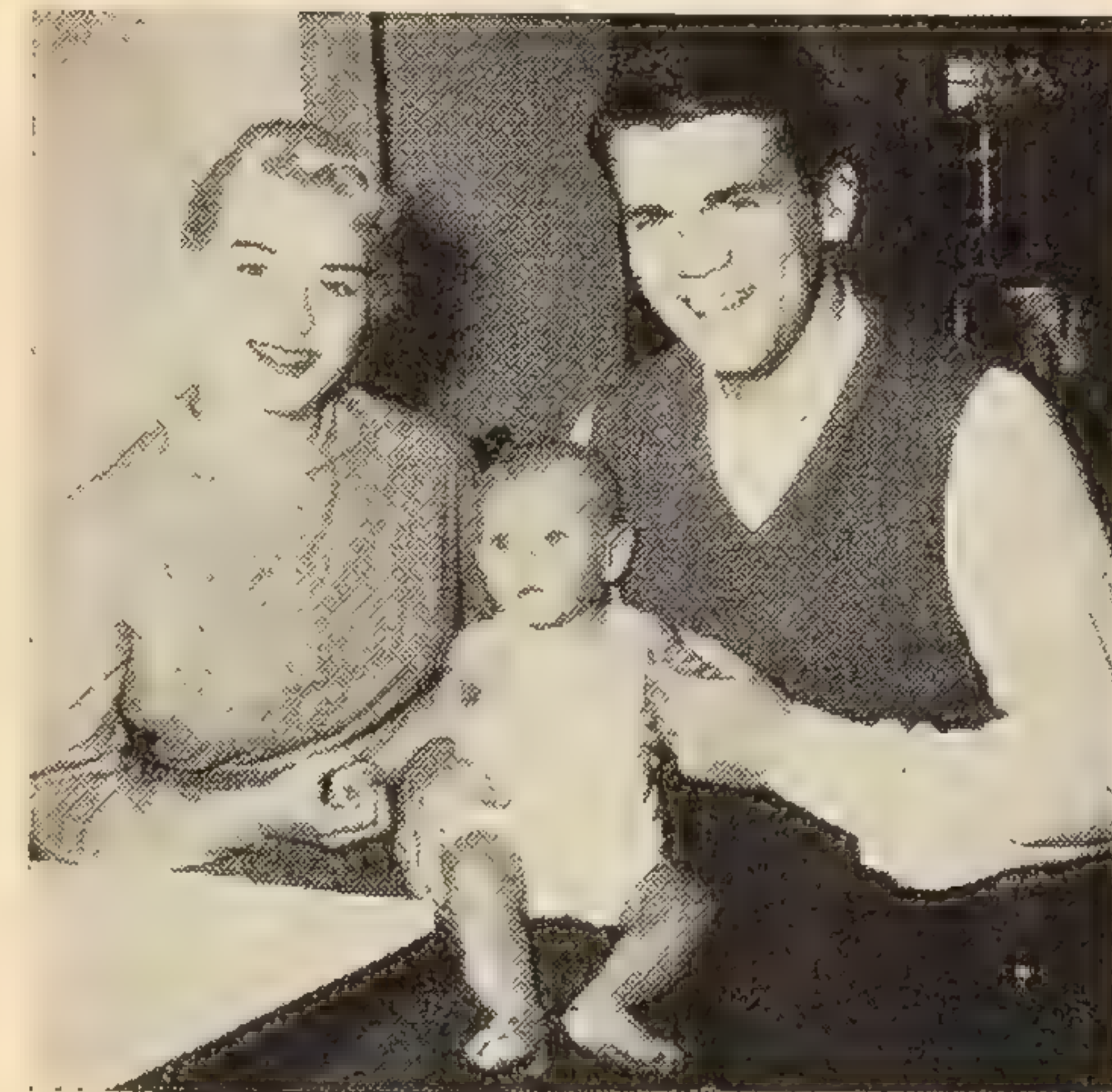
In fact she first met Don, a struggling young actor, when she was about fifteen and he would drop in for a piece of the delicious lemon pie. "We didn't fall in love then—just liked to talk about fame and fortune. It was after Don went abroad, during the war, that we started corresponding and came to know what we meant to each other."

Another, and most illustrious patron of Minetta's was Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. "I used to walk Falla for her while she lunched and talked with my mother," Hope remembers.

At 20th Century-Fox, her contract studio, they have high hopes for Hope—the beauty who can act.



Hope Lange's reel life is zooming this pretty Miss to stardom. But her real-life role is that of a Mrs.—to Don Murray—and a mother—to young Christopher Paton Murray.



A brazen Miss

The most scandalous belle on the Miami Beaches last month was the six-month-old daughter of **Donald O'Connor** and Gloria, Miss Alicia O'Connor. She boldly posed for photographers wearing a bikini!

What Richard Egan said—and what Pat Hardy said right back—was overheard. What an original script!

When a guy proposes

A waiter at Romanoff's serving **Richard Egan** and **Pat Hardy** the night he gave her the diamond engagement ring, told me Pat's amusing remark when Dick slipped the big sparkler on her finger.

"Oh," gasped Pat in surprise, "you should prepare me, darling. I would have gotten a manicure!"



Bing is pleased as punch over what they're saying about son Gary Crosby.

No one was more upset than Marlon Brando when that recent story came out quoting his opinion of Jimmy Dean.



Here's what one of your fans has to say, Jean Seberg. Nice, isn't it?

THE LETTER BOX:

I have received many letters this month expressing regret and disapproval of the separation of **Esther Williams** and Ben Gage. As ESTHER MEER, KANSAS CITY, puts it: "Please think it over long and hard before you bring such heartbreak to yourselves and your children"....

"The importance of beautiful theme songs to a motion picture cannot be underestimated," is the wise remark of MRS. ANNA ADAMS, BROOKLYN, who is only twenty-one years old—and the mother of three children. "Granted that AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS is a fine picture, it wouldn't have enjoyed half the success it has achieved without that wonderful music of the late Victor Young." You are so right Mrs. "A"—the sales of movie scores on records also proves your point....

ANDY VANDEVEER, ST. LOUIS, is absolutely "shocked" over a magazine interview—no, not in MODERN SCREEN—given by **Marlon Brando** in which he said he spent much time "dodging a personal meeting with **James Dean**, who was crazy to meet me." Andy says, "What an insult to the late, great Dean." I think Marlon was as upset about that interview as you are. He has since said he was speaking off the record....

OH, HELP! JOAN POLSON writes: "In our health class in school we are having discussions on alcohol and I am to give a talk on entertainers and alcohol. Since you are so close to entertainers who drink, I thought you could give me some reasons why they do it and how their drinking affects their work. Would appreciate a reply soon." Not even for the chuckle your letter handed me, Miss Joan, of FORESTON, MINN....

SHIRLEY LEWIS, ST. LOUIS, is an ardent fan of **Robert Ivers**. "I saw him in THE DELICATE DELINQUENT and SHORT CUT TO HELL and am having a mild fit over him." I'm sure

Robert will be pleased to hear about your mild fit, Shirley....

MARJORIE, FT. WORTH, TEXAS, saw *Bonjour Tristesse* and says: "I do not pretend to be a critic, but I found **Jean Seberg** an unusually promising young actress (many reviewers did not, I know). I hope she does not take the criticism too much to heart and lose faith in her career. If she just keeps on studying and improving herself I think she will one day make them all eat those critical words." When I interviewed Jean, I found her a lovely and poised girl and I, too, wish her luck in her career....

From FRANKFURT, GERMANY, ELZA MAYTAG, writes: "Gary Crosby has been stationed here for many months and I thought his countrymen would like to know how much respect the son of **Bing Crosby** has earned. He helps out in all charity affairs and is nice to all people who approach him"....

"I am shocked beyond words at the dialogue in A FAREWELL TO ARMS regarding the miracle of birth when **Rock Hudson** says to **Jennifer Jones** 'This is what comes of sleeping together.' Where, oh, where was the Johnston Office when this picture was given a seal?" protests EVELYN GARRICK, WINSLOW, ARIZONA....

DAVID LOWSKY, BROOKLYN, opines: "**David Niven** is the most neglected actor in films although he never gives anything but a top performance. Why no interviews with him? Why don't you mention him more?" David is one of my favorite persons, Mr. J. Perhaps he's just such a solid citizen and actor and is so happy in his marriage there isn't too much more to say about him than to agree with you: he's tops....

That's all for now. See you next month.

Luella O Parsons



ON CLOUD NINE... WITH ELVIS

■ I know more about Elvis and his girls than all the scandal magazines!

By this time, many girls have met Elvis Presley. In almost every town in which he has played one-night stands, there is a girl with stars in her eyes who has waited backstage—breathlessly and patiently—until Elvis could sneak out some side entrance with her, and head for an all-night hamburger stand. Then there was always the hurried smooching while parked behind the cafe . . . and the last long look as Elvis burns off down the highway for the next town—and the next girl.

They write me all the details of a date with him. One wrote recently . . . "You don't know Elvis until he kisses you, Kay; I mean *REALLY* kisses you. Not the kind he gives fan club presidents. I'll never forget the night we went back to the dugout at the ball-park and smooched for hours! Oh, you haven't lived until you've dated Elvis!" One of my favorite letters reads: "I dated Elvis in that first second-hand Caddie he had: the pink and black one that burned up, you know . . . well, I've dated Elvis in that very car! I wonder if he's still like he was then. . . . I keep hoping he'll come back here some day. . . ."

Well, I could go on. But don't get me wrong: if Elvis didn't do these things he wouldn't be a normal boy. There are girls in his home town, too, who wait patiently for the *Memphis Flash*, as he's sometimes called, to breeze into town. And there are the wistful letters—"I've met Elvis several times, and I'm better looking than average . . . but Elvis has never dated me. I don't get it." Well, all this is just to say that I too am one of Elvis' girls. Not the variety who have smooched with him in a dugout—but I didn't say that I wouldn't trade places with her! But I'm of the variety who have worked that Elvis might fulfill a dream for me; that he might prove to my family and friends, who fought me in the beginning, that he was worth fighting for. I believe in Elvis Presley. I believe he is all he says he is. If I'm ever convinced that he isn't . . . I'd denounce him—just as fast as I've publicly defended him.

Kay Wheeler
President
National Elvis Presley Fan Club

Elvis's in MGM's *JAILHOUSE ROCK* and is scheduled for Paramount's *KING CREOLE* and 20th Century-Fox's *ENOUGH ROPE*.



NATALIE WOOD, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl says: "My shampoo is Lustre-Creme! It leaves my hair so shiny and easy to manage. No wonder Lustre-Creme is Hollywood's favorite shampoo!" Lustre-Creme is used by the world's most glamorous women—shouldn't you use it, too?

For the most beautiful hair
in the world
4 out of 5 top movie stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Natalie Wood says, "My shampoo is Lustre-Creme Shampoo," you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in her glamour-career.

Your hair can have that Hollywood-lovely look with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair will shine like the stars! Yet it's so easy-to-manage—even right after shampooing. Waves are smooth—curls springy.

You'll see—and he will, too—how much lovelier your hair can look when you change to Lustre-Creme, the shampoo of the stars!

Lanolin-blessed
creme or lotion
never dries . . .
it beautifies



no lotion!

New kind of
Home Permanent
from
Procter & Gamble

**The end papers do the
waving for you**

Every end paper contains its own waving ingredients—just the right amount for each curl

Because the end papers themselves measure out the waving action, your wave will be perfect

Easiest, fastest way yet to a really lasting wave—just wind, wet with pure, clear water, and neutralize

Why didn't somebody think of this before? A home permanent with the wave in the end papers instead of a bottle of lotion. That's Procter & Gamble's new PACE.

Guesswork taken out. Because each paper contains just the right amount of waving ingredients—never too much, never too little—you get a perfect permanent *automatically*.

No more waves that take in one place, don't in

another. No more stragglers or strays. No more "first week" frizz.

No messy, strong-smelling lotion. Just wind hair as usual, wet with water, neutralize, and look! An even, lasting wave that looks like a gift of nature.

So now there's no reason to leave the house for a permanent. Not when it's next to no fuss at all to get one at home. That's with PACE—the worry-free way to a perfect wave. How about today?

Wind curls as usual. Any home permanent curlers will do. (End papers do the waving.)

Squeeze on clear water with PACE'S handy plastic bottle. No messy, strong-smelling lotion.



Costs no more than lotion permanents—\$2 plus
Choice of 3 strengths: Regular... Gentle... S...

Pace Procter & Gamble's
no lotion permanen

THIS is a simple story.

In July, 1958, Perry Como will have been married for twenty-five years. To the same girl.

Year after year, for twenty-five years, he has created a love story that people in show business talk about—and wonder at.

And, really, it's such a simple little story....

And here is how this tale of love began....

They met at a weenie roast, Perry Como and Roselle. "Everybody knows that by now," Perry grins. "I must have said it a thousand times. You'd call it a barbecue now. Only we said weenie roast...."

But because this year is his twenty-fifth of marriage to Roselle, he clasps his hands behind his head in the familiar Como gesture, and leans back, and remembers—a little more.

He was fifteen that hot, sticky summer, and he was apprenticed to a barber. Days he learned his trade, clipping hair, applying hot (Continued on page 75)



HAPPY 25th
Wedding Anniversary
PERRY and ROSELLE



YOU ASKED FOR IT, SO HERE IT IS:

the shocking life of brigitte bardot

by Héloïse Nouvelle

In many ways this story is a *first* for MODERN SCREEN.

It is, of course, our first story about Brigitte Bardot.

It is our first story about an actress who has never appeared in an American-made movie.

And it is the first story we have ever printed about a girl as frankly, as unashamedly unconventional as 'The Sex Kitten.'

But in one way, this is a story as old as beauty—as old as the stories we ran in the 'Thirties about Greta Garbo, in the 'Forties about Claudette Colbert—and in the 'Fifties about Marilyn Monroe. Or if you like, it is only as old as this year's stories of Kim Novak.

For all these women have lived the same story. All these women, blessed with beauty, have been cursed with the same terror, have awakened in the night crying from the same nightmare: afraid that the world will suddenly discover what the beautiful women have believed all along—that they are not beautiful at all.

That is the (Continued on page 81)



Her husband thought Brigitte was beautiful, but he was never jealous...



Jean-Louis Trintignant's first love scenes with Brigitte were for the camera...



VENETIA STEVENSON



DOLORES HART



DIANE JERGENS



MOLLY BEE

how to **SNAG** *a* **STAG**

Can you have a good time, without being a bad girl? Can you get wolf whistles and still handle the wolf? Here's how the experts do it:

WANT to know how to have more dates, how to snag a stag?

Recently, we gave you a boy's-eye view of the popularity bit. Now we've asked four of the most-dated girls in Hollywood to tell how they do it.

They are pretty Dolores Hart, pert Venetia Stevenson, cute Diane Jergens and bubbly Molly Bee. Each of these girls has a date-line that could keep a set of quadruplets bouncing. We got them to tell, from their own dating experiences, what a girl should and shouldn't do to make beau-catching easier.





ABOVE Venetia Stevenson may not be hinting to Peter Brown that it's time to go home. But then again. . . .

BELOW Diane Jergens tells Dick Sargent good-night—but no hurt feelings.



How to handle a wolf without losing him!

DOLORES HART

Some girls give a fellow the come-on all evening, then get huffy when he turns wolf at the door. Maintain some dignity all evening—you can do it even while acting all female—and the guy will sort of catch on that you're not the kind he can get too fresh with. I think a girl cheapens herself by parking in the car. Boys are funny. They *do* kiss and tell. So be careful whom you kiss!

VENETIA STEVENSON

You can be aloof—in a nice, warm way—and that will start to dampen the fire of an over-torrid Romeo. Boys don't like to make passes when they think they're not going to be received. I'm not talking about the casual goodnight kiss, which is one thing—and quite a pleasant thing! I mean the misunderstanding at the end of the evening when a girl says *no* and the boy continues a too-amorous pitch. It only leaves a girl feeling cheap and confused. A boy wants to feel liked, so why not show him affection by inviting him into your house for some cake and coffee? If you sit at the table and talk and laugh, that can be a friendly end to a date . . . and a much nicer one than the doorstep hassle!

DIANE JERGENS

The important thing is to try not to act like a deadhead. Putting yourself on a pedestal is quite obnoxious. You not only scare away his advances—you'll scare him away for good. After all, when boy meets girl there's bound to be an attempt at romancing. Nothing wrong with that. But if you want to avoid certain offensive clinches, then try double-dating. By having others with you, some of the problems that arise from being alone and together fade away. I went out with a man who had a playboy reputation. I didn't want to miss the fun just because of his reputation, but I did want to miss the trouble. I asked him very sweetly if I could bring another couple, since he was so interesting, and he was flattered enough to agree. We had a wonderful time, and by having the others around my playboy friend didn't get out of hand—as he might have if we'd been alone.

MOLLY BEE

I don't think a girl has to kiss a boy on the first date if she doesn't want to. If I like the boy and want to kiss him, I do. If I don't want to kiss him, I don't. But I seldom come across the problem of the boy who just won't behave. I think it's because I like to keep moving and make the evening gay and active. I like to dance, sing, even go horseback riding at night. That's one way to get a wolf's mind off the pursuit of petting. Keep the evening jumping. Sometimes a wolf acts the way he does because there isn't anything else to do!

continued

HOW TO SNAG A STAG *continued*



Diane Jergens and Dick Sargent have a ball on the bowling alley—and, adds Diane, having something to do avoids passes. And Dolores Hart tells you that despite appearances Earl Holliman's not a wolf!

You can be good—and popular, too!

DOLORES HART

Be choosy. If you go with every Tom, Dick and Harry, knowing that the *T. D.* and *H.* have reputations for being maulers, you're letting yourself in for more than you can handle. That doesn't mean that you have to suspect every man who likes fun of being a wolf, or you'll miss out on a lot of delightful dates. A man who has a gleam in his eye can be an exciting date too. But I do try to steer clear of the real bad apples. After all, why *ask* for trouble when it's just as easy to go out with a nice fellow!

VENETIA STEVENSON

Try to have the date revolve around some activity. I think many boys get completely out of hand because there's nothing else to do. I had loads of fun one night with a boy who took me ice skating. We were both so happy and exhausted that the necking issue never did come up. I think a fellow has more fun being with a girl who's a good sport on a simple date—than he is with a girl who's merely a good sport about petting! Remember, a necking session isn't what gets you that second date—or twentieth date.

DIANE JERGENS

Love me—love my family. When a man is interested in me, I take him home to meet them all. That way, I know he'll treat me with more respect. I think it makes a charming family picture when the man you're dating comes in—meets your mother and father, your brothers and sisters if you have any, and even the family cat and dog.

MOLLY BEE

You've got to be true to yourself. Don't do what you don't want to do. But try to handle it all gaily, not stuffily. I feel sorry for girls who think they have to drink and pet in order to prove they're good sports. If you're at a party where there's drinking and you don't want to appear prudish, hold a glass in your hand all night and no one will give you that strange look that makes you feel like an oddball. I don't drink, but I don't make a big thing out of it either. And no one tries to pour it down my throat. It really works!

How to make your party swing!

DOLORES HART

Plan lots of things in the way of entertainment beforehand. Don't expect the guests to make the party or your party might die with a thud. At a party I once gave, I made up little name tags and pinned them on each guest. It was more fun. Lots of times people are afraid to talk to others at a party because they've forgotten their names and they freeze up. These little tags were not only handy, they provided lots of talk and laughs. I think it's good to promote laughs with silly things at a party. I love charades for instance, because it gives people a good chance for a load of laughs. Another tip, have your mother or father around. Don't send them off to a movie that night. Some kids resent having an older person around, but I think it's important. It keeps the party from turning into a brawl.

VENETIA STEVENSON

Be a relaxed hostess, not a jittery one. Have all your preparations made in advance and have all the decorations hung up the night before. And give yourself a good few hours to bathe, rest and dress before your

guests come! If you're a relaxed hostess, you'll have the energy to get your party off to a flying start. Enjoy your own party and your guests will, too. And be sure to buzz around and talk to everyone—never go off in a corner with one special person.

DIANE JERGENS

Why not start a do-it-yourself movement right in your own home? You don't have to have a big formal buffet; you can either have each person you know bring along one dish, or invite the whole group to come—and ask each person to cook his big specialty while the others stand around admiringly. Instead of hating this extra work, those of your friends who are proud of their specialties will love pitching in. And don't skimp on the food, the records you have in your living room, the number of games you play or anything else. A generous hostess is an appreciated hostess. It isn't money that counts, either. A little money can spread a long way for you. (Continued on page 54)



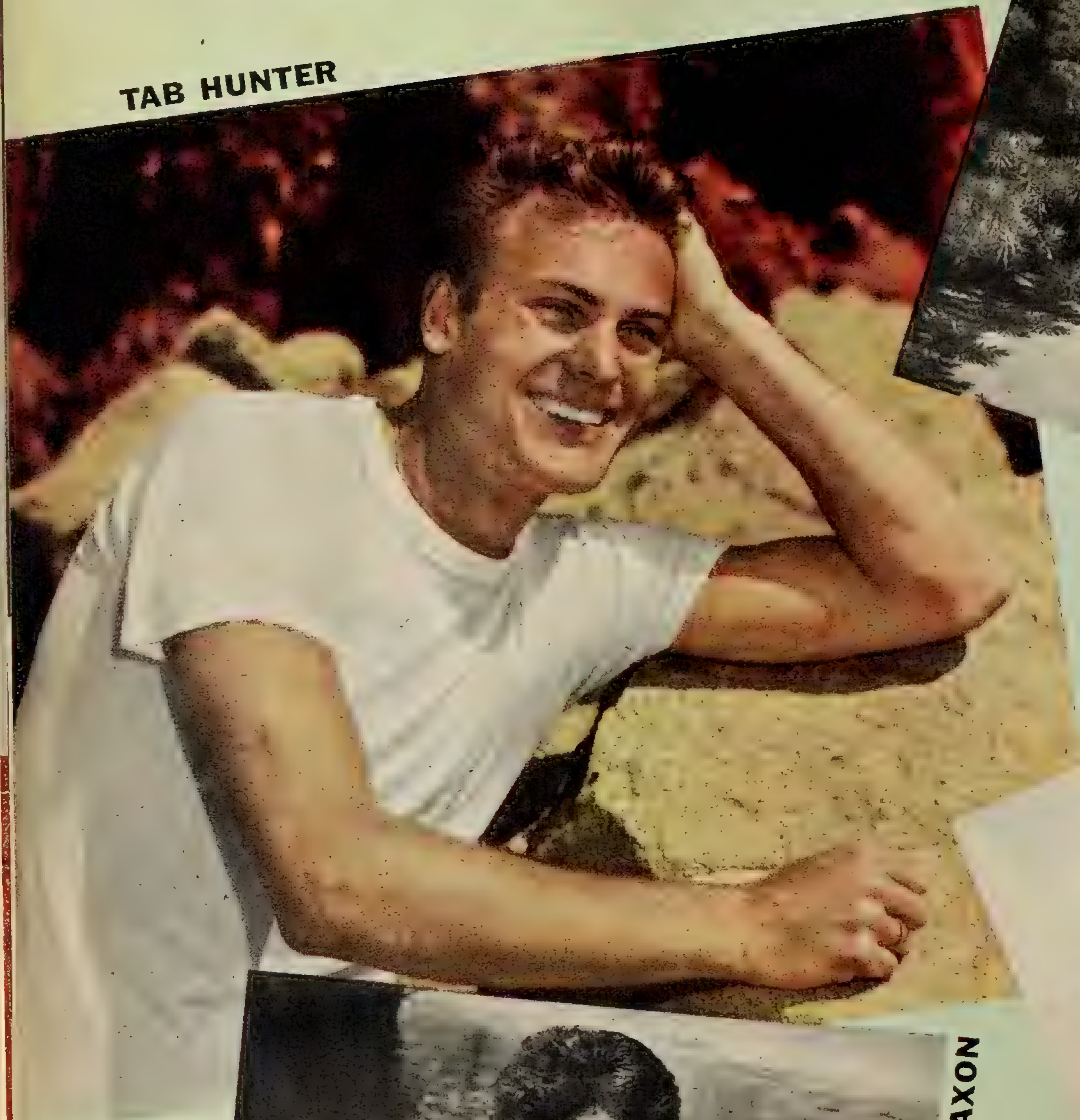
Dolores and Earl play party games—cause Dolores made sure there were some activities PLANNED to keep the party swinging. Molly Bee figures that dancing is the greatest—even if you can't get a Tommy Sands—for singing and strumming, that is. (She's lucky; she could!)

turn page for some STAGS to SNAG

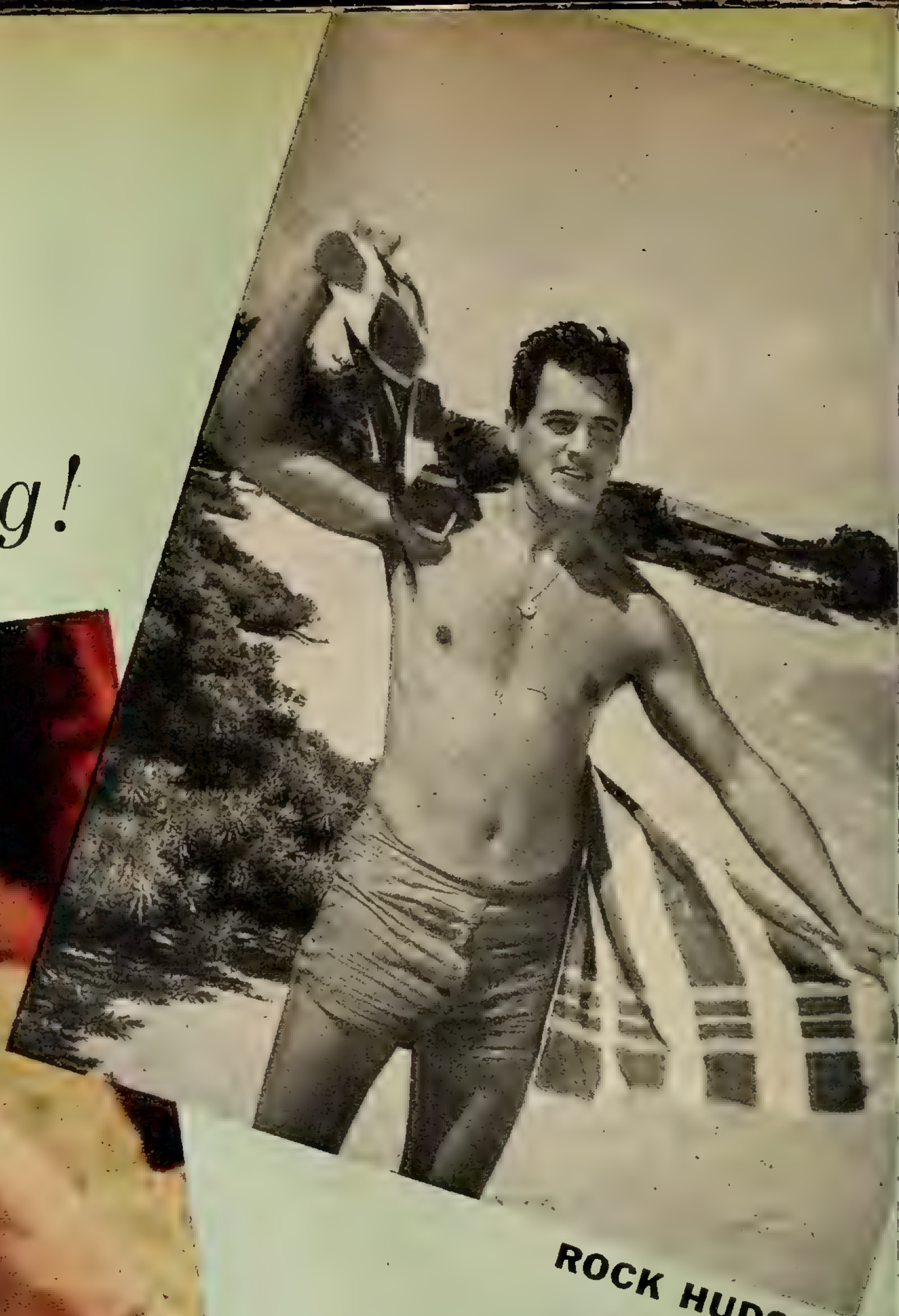
HOW TO SNAG A STAG *continued*

here are some
STAGS *to snag!*

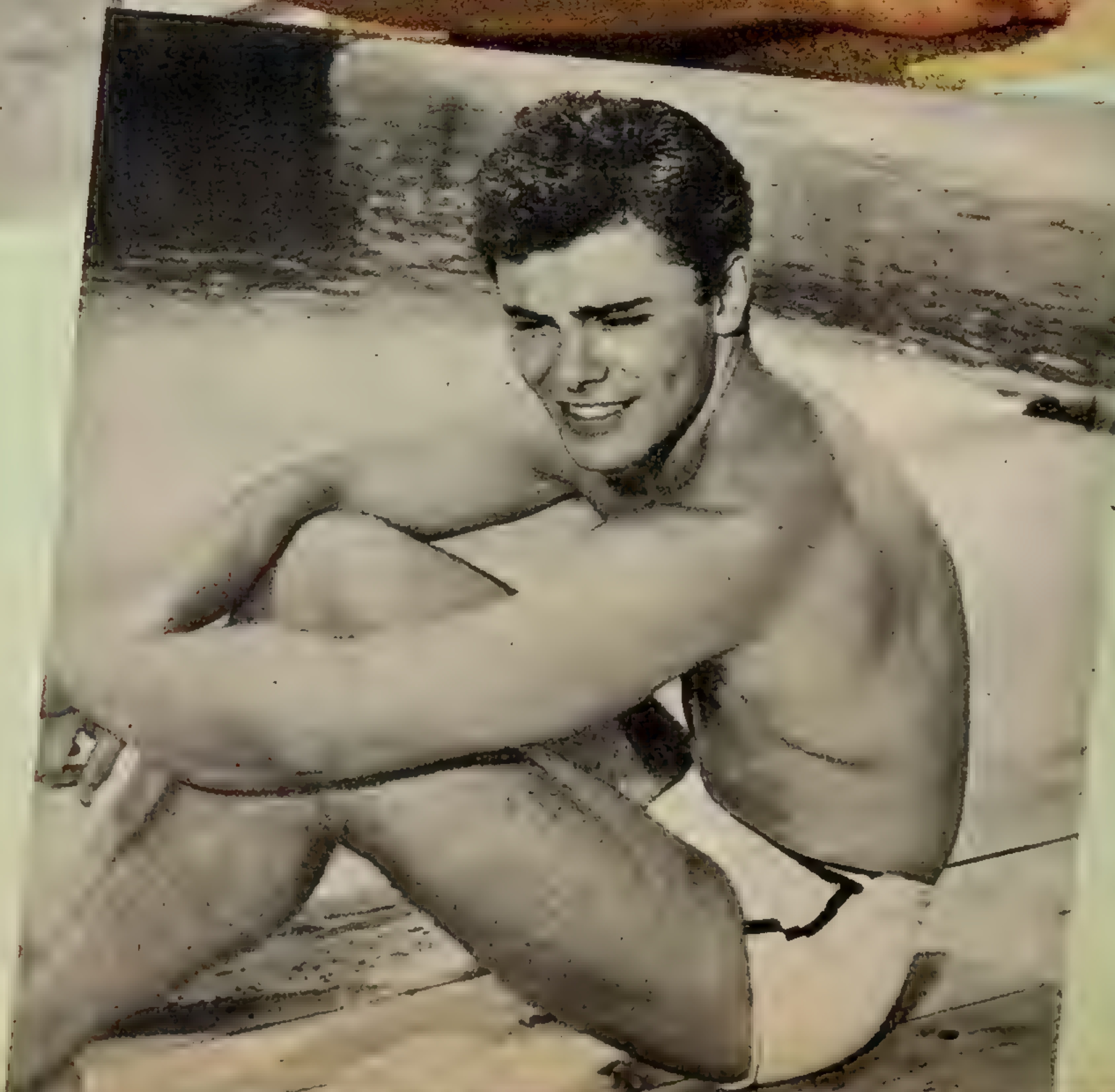
TAB HUNTER



ROCK HUDSON



JOHNNY SAXON



RUSS TAMBLYN

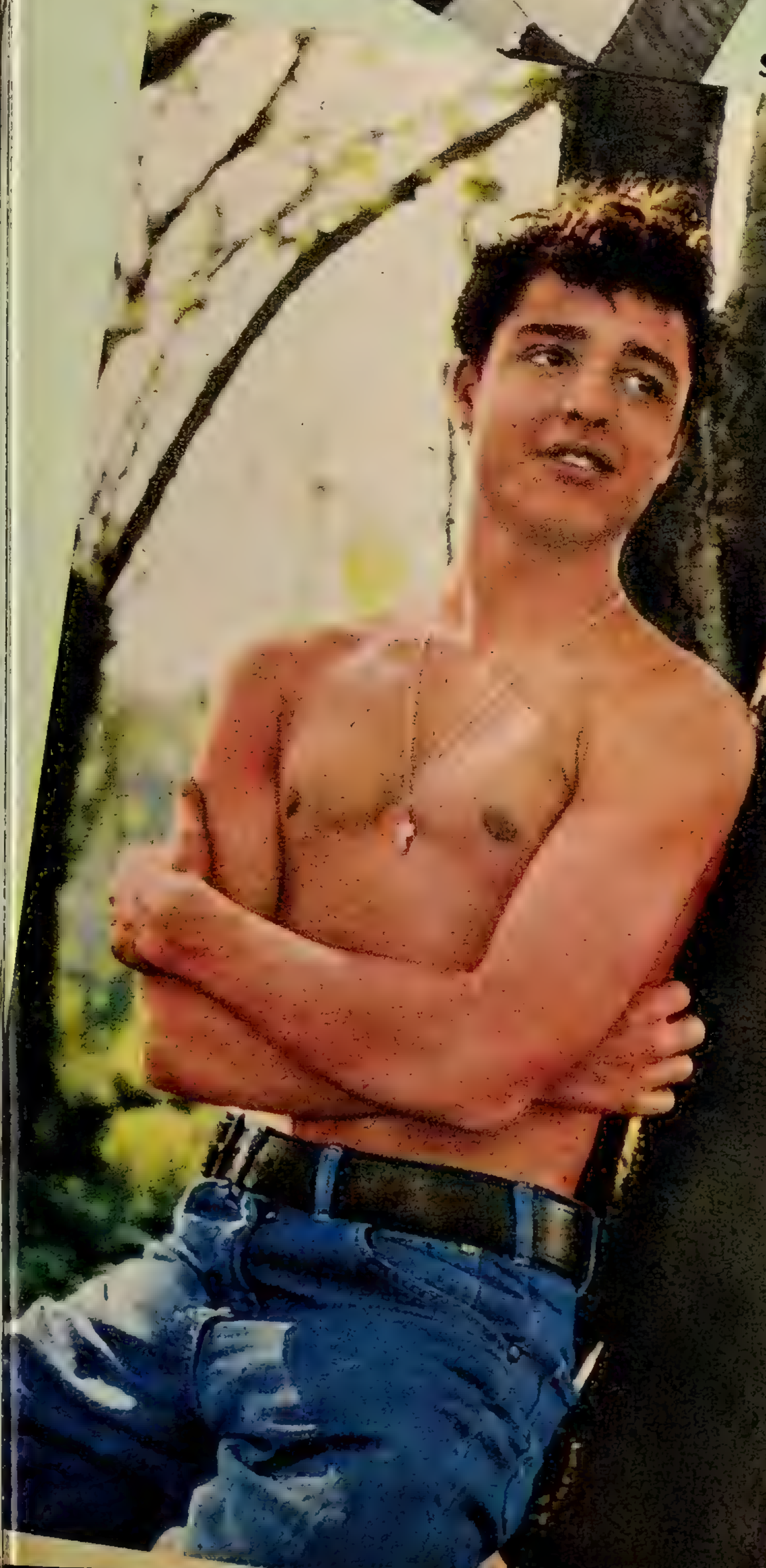




RICHARD EGAN



GEORGE NADER



DEAN STOCKWELL

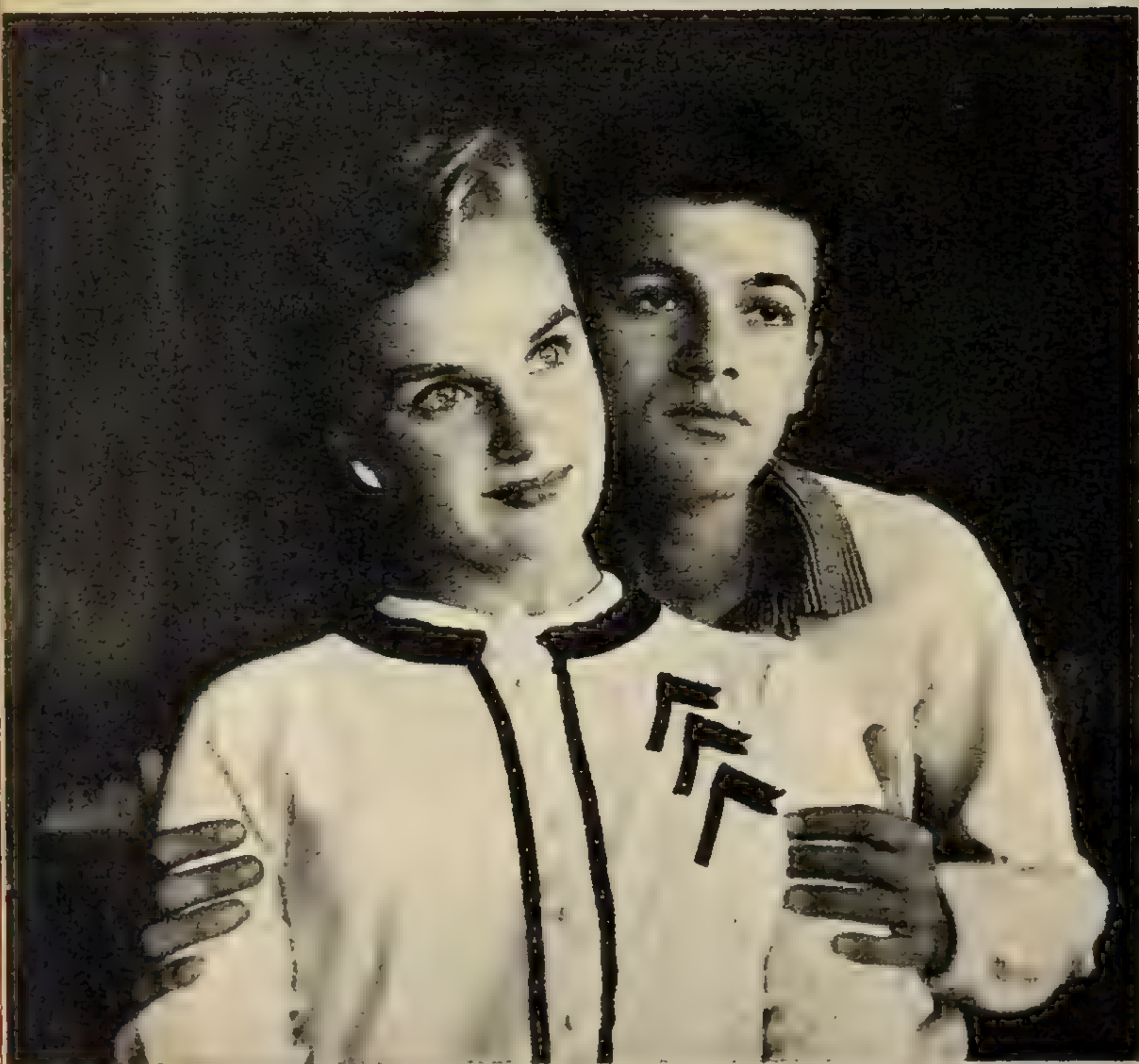


TONY PERKINS

END

TOMMY!

Don't throw your love away!



Remember how you felt, Tommy, when you gave Molly Bee that ring . . . the one that was just right for her, because it was two hearts intertwined—and that's how you felt. . . .

WE ARE not in business to run a star's personal life, or to tell him what to do and what not to do.

But we've grown to like you, Tommy Sands, like you enough to feel an obligation to be honest with you—even if it hurts. And you may not like what we have to say. . . .

We have been disturbed in recent weeks about reports tying you romantically to a score of Hollywood beauties—Cathy Crosby, Connie Stevens, Dolores Hart, Yvonne Lime, Judi Meredith, Barbara Wilson and on and on and on.

Now we are certainly not opposed to an unattached young man dating any number of attractive young girls—providing they have fun together, and don't hurt anyone else in the process. But you, Tommy, are neither unattached nor having fun. Moreover, by your actions you are seriously hurting two people: Molly Bee and yourself.

We know, as you do, that you are in love with her—as much as she is in love with you; that every time you take a girl into your arms and kiss her, you make believe she's Molly. And Molly knows you do, and goes out with other fellows and pretending not to feel hurt—while holding back her tears whenever she picks up a fan magazine and sees you holding hands with Connie Stevens or taking Dolores Hart for a picnic in Griffith Park or going (Continued on page 71)

Helen Neushaefer



presents her newest cosmetic discovery:

custom blended
moderna[®]

new glide-on lipstick
with creamy-smooth **LANO-VELVET**



a shade
to match
your
every
fashion
mood

BEAUTIFUL
GOLD AND WHITE
SWIVEL CASE



59c
Plus Tax



Junie on the SPOT!

June's kingdom—her kids Pam and Ricky, and the man she loves, Dick Powell. And when she's not busy rough-housing with her energetic bundles of joy, she looks back and remembers some of the dreams she used to wish for . . . and the funny way dreams have of coming true sometimes when you're not even looking.



Modern Screen drops by June Allyson's house . . . and checks up on some rumors!

The rumor that there was a new June Allyson running around Hollywood brought us face to face with June—Mrs. Richard Powell, that is—for a question and answer session. June agreed to play a new game with us. It's called truth *without* consequences, and it's played by two people: us, looking for the truth about June Allyson 1958 style . . . and a smiling, pert mother of two who happens to be a movie star—

Q: Is it true that there's a new June? A girl who insists on leading her own life?

June: Maybe it just shows more now, but I've always been June Allyson, girl-individual. Even though Richard is basically the boss, I make my own decisions about most things. I played in *The Shrike* even though Richard was against it.

Q: Do you think you can be a real wife and a real help to your husband without sacrificing your independence?

June: At the risk of sticking my neck out I say: *absolutely*. I lead my own life, but here I am like

a hen hovering over my brood. So of course, I think independence and family life can go together.

Q: How about the eternally ticklish problem of separate interests?

June: I think just about *everybody* has separate interests. It depends on how you handle the problem. I believe in not forcing *your* interests on your loving spouse. And I think, by now, Richard agrees with me. We tried to force our pet projects on each other once. Wow! Like that time I begged Richard to go skiing with me, against his better judgment. P.S.—he broke his shoulder.

And one time, he took me on the boat he'd bought. Naturally I got terribly sick. P.S.—we sold the boat.

Q: Is there a new interest in your life?

June: Is there ever! I love to cook now. I'd rather cook than anything. When I'm cooking, I'm the queen of Mandeville Canyon. Why, one night I gave a party for a friend . . . and sixty-two people came! And I barbecued sixty-two steaks—myself. Well, ever since then, I've (Continued on page 78)



introducing

JAMES DARREN!

Part I of the complete
life story
of Hollywood's
most sensational
new star

story on next page

We were 17 and secretly married but...

I was 18 before



I grew up



A wife, a child. Two people to love, and to protect. These are the things that made Jimmy Darren grow up—grow up to realize that a man can have a ball with a tennis racquet, but watering the lawn is part of living, too . . . and so is learning how to tell when a young fellow's diaper needs changing!

IT WAS cold, freezing cold, that Monday night in Philadelphia as Jim Ercolani reached for his key and opened the door to his parents' small apartment. It was nearly midnight and Jim thought the folks might still be up, watching television or something. But when he opened the door, he saw that the apartment was dark and he knew they were in bed already and he figured it was best this way. Because when he told them the two things he had to tell them this night they would be groggy and, he thought, sometimes it helps for your parents to be groggy when you've got to tell them things.

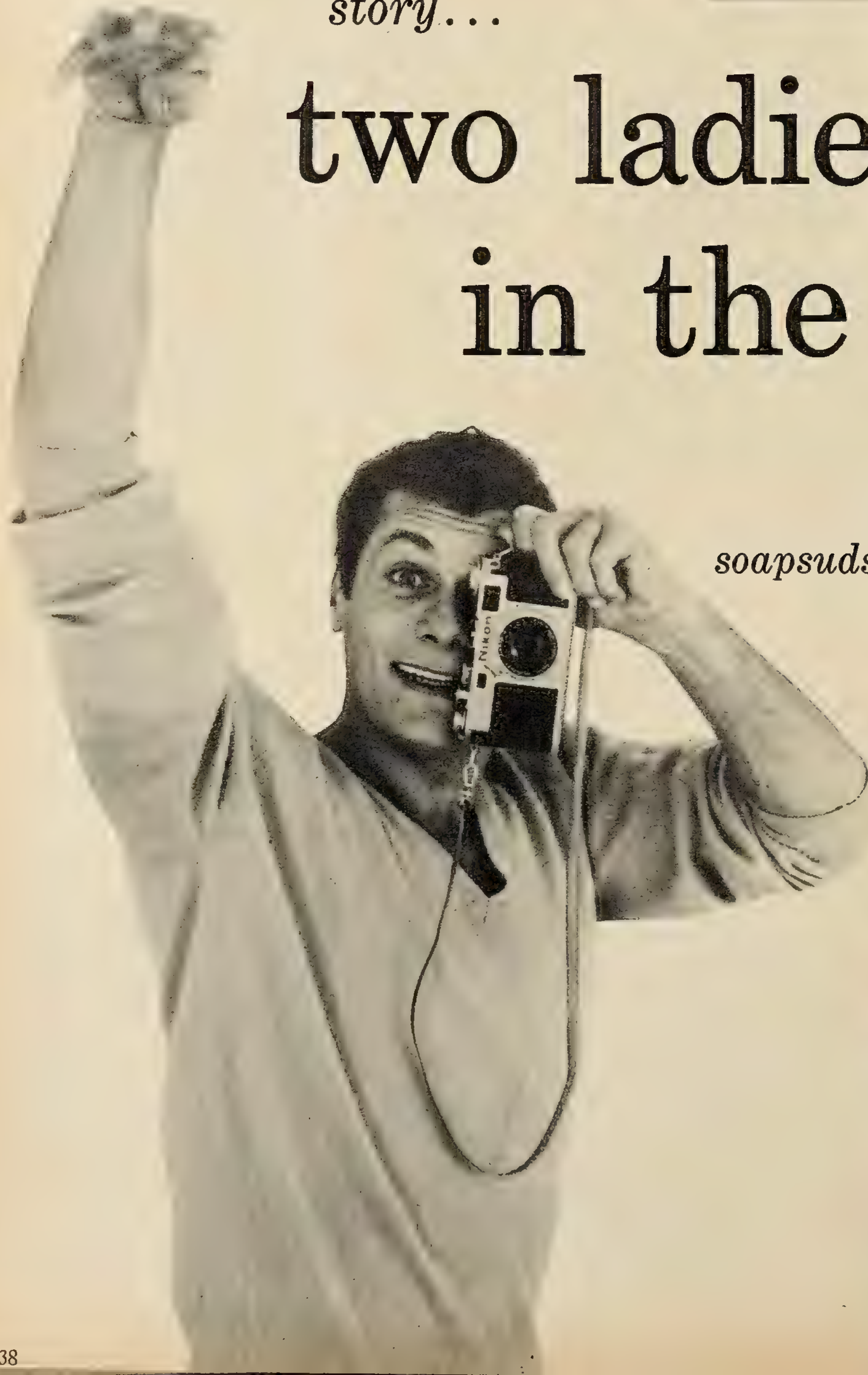
He walked through the living room, past his own room and into the folks' bedroom. He stood there for a moment, staring at the dim outline of a saint's picture his mother always kept on her dresser, praying quickly that the second bit of news he had to tell them would make them as happy as the first. Then he snapped on a lamp, walked over to the bed and gently (Continued on page 58)



*A rare and
charming
story...*

two ladies in the tub

photos by **TONY**
script by **JANET**
soapsuds by **KELLY LEE**





Editor's Note: *This story is about three people and an hour in their lives. It's a little story, and we guarantee it will never go down in the annals of Hollywood history. But it's a rare and charming story and it's our guess you'll enjoy seeing it and hearing it.*

Our star is a nineteen-month-old package of soap-suds and smiles named Kelly Lee.

Our proud photographer is Kelly's daddy, Tony Curtis.


Our narrator is Kelly's mommy, Janet Leigh and this is how Janet tells it. . . .

It was a Friday, I remember. Tony and I had been working hard all week on *The Perfect Furlough* at U-I and I was lucky enough to get off early this day. So at four o'clock I stuck my tongue out at my husband—who'd have to stay another hour, at least—and drove home.

As usual, there was Kelly at the top of the stairs, pounding on her gate, waiting to greet me, smiling away, not the old baby-gas-smile of a few months ago anymore, but a real honest-to-goodness (Continued on page 74)



AN OPEN LETTER TO MARILYN MONROE:



*Honey,
you can have
a baby!*

Dear Marilyn,

Remember when you said, "If I had a child, a little girl, I would bring her up to have all the things I never had. I don't mean material things like clothes and money. They're nice, too—but—I mean love. People caring about her. People smiling when she came in, wanting to make her happy. I'd bring her up not to be afraid. It's not what a child can do for you—it's what you can do for it that makes you happy. I guess I'd rather have a baby and be able to do that for her than anything else in the world."

Do you remember those words, Marilyn? They're your words—spoken by you almost five years ago. You weren't even married then. You had just burst into fame by trading in your good mind and your decent soul for a sexy reputation and a lot of publicity. But even then—those were your words.

You wanted a baby.

And now you are a married woman. You have (Continued on page 83)

"In all our years

in Hollywood,

this was

the best

Party

Sue and

I ever

went to"

Alan Ladd



"It was for another party I'd put on this fancy shirt. But it gave my son, David, an idea. . . ."

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

DEBRA PAGET with DAVID STREET

THE beautiful, red-haired girl, radiant in a white wedding gown and a tulle froth of a bridal cap, stood next to the handsome young man and repeated softly: "I do."

Debra Paget had decided only three days earlier to marry David Street.

And she had decided to marry him on their *first date!*

Up until this time, Debra was known all over Hollywood as *dateless Debbie* and *the girl who had never been kissed*. From childhood, she had made up her mind that she would not date the field, but that the moment she met the right man she would know it—and marry him.

Was Debra wise or foolish in carrying out such a plan?

All over the country teen age girls are facing the same question, the same problem: shall I go out with a lot of boys, or shall I stay home most nights waiting for that glorious moment when the right boy walks into my life?

Is it good for a girl to go through her teen years unknissed, not dating the field—can she possibly know her own mind when it comes to marriage?

Debra says *yes*. (Continued on page 72)

"I didn't care
that David had
been married four times,

**I said yes
on our first date!"**



HERE COMES THE BRIDE

PAT HARDY with RICHARD EGAN



by Louella Parsons

“In my opinion, they were born for each other!”

I'VE never enjoyed writing an engagement story more than my scoop on the coming marriage of Richard Egan and Patricia Hardy. Both young, successful, Irish, of the same religious faith—they seem born for each other.

Neither has been married before. What a relief it was to write a story in which I didn't have to end with “The bridegroom-to-be was previously married to So-and-So, So-and-So and So-and-So,” or, “The bride-to-be has three children by three former marriages—but is sure she has found the love of her life in No. 4!”

Richard and Pat are just two wonderful young people in love. She told me she is giving up her own career because “Dick's is so much more important and the most important thing in *my* life is making him happy. From the day of our marriage I'll be just Mrs. Richard Egan, housewife. And that will be my happiest role.”

They have known each other about two and a half years and Pat tells me it was not a case of love at first sight. “I think that's for story-books, anyway,” she said. “But as I grew to know Dick, and he to know me, we knew we were falling more and more in love. I thoroughly believe in long engagements—or perhaps I should say, long friendships before marriage.”

Although they dated over two years, Pat didn't receive her engagement ring until a few weeks ago. On one of their regular nights to dine out, Dick took her to dinner at Romanoff's. Looking at the menu, Pat mused, “I wonder what I'll have?” Dick said, “How about *this*?” and slipped the sparkler, a five-and-a-half carat diamond, on the right finger.

All I can add is “much health and happiness” to Pat and Dick in a marriage that seems so RIGHT . . . that seems so ‘made in heaven.’

END



HERE COMES THE BRIDE
JOANNE WOODWARD with PAUL NEWMAN

“Our love
was too strong
to be denied

We
waited
five years
for this
moment...”

*Joanne and Paul relax
after a leisurely honeymoon supper
in a London hotel room. . . .*



THIS story is for every woman who has ever been tempted to *take* her love regardless of right or wrong, thinking that she can find happiness that way. If Joanne Woodward had yielded to that kind of temptation, today she and Paul Newman might be sick at heart at what they had done.

But they never trampled on conventions. Today they can respect themselves.

When Joanne found herself, trembling with unhappiness because she loved a man she didn't want to love, she drew back from the dangerous whirlpool. She schooled her heart and tried to teach it to beat less violently at the sight of the man she loved. And because she was fine and decent, and Paul was too, they accomplished the beautiful—they saved themselves from the tawdriness that might have ruined their love, and built instead deep roots of honor.

They even tried to deceive themselves. They swore that they wouldn't fall in love. They said to themselves that they would never be anything but friends to each other. This was the way it had to be. And this was the way it was. Except they *did* love each other. . . .

Why did they fall in love? To understand that you have to understand the kind of people they are. . . .

For Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman the most difficult acting they ever had to do came during the first weeks of this past January.

They were playing liars, two roles which they had imposed upon themselves. They were saying *no*—vehemently, violently, laughingly, angrily—to the reporters and photographers and producers and friends who every hour of (Continued on page 79)





"This was no night for restaurants. I wanted to be alone with my girl. We picked up wine and bread and I teased Nancy about her spaghetti-à-la-Berg."



HERE COMES THE BRIDE

NANCY BERG with GEOFFREY HORNE

*It started
like every other date
for Geoffrey Horne
and Nancy Berg...
But it turned out to be*

THE NIGHT THAT GEOFFREY PROPOSED



"Nancy lit the candles to make things festive—but neither of us was very hungry."

"We toasted marshmallows by the fire and laughed and tried not to think about Saturday."



According to Nancy Berg's diary, she and Geoffrey Horne had exactly 219 dates together since they had met on June 13, 1957, at the Actors' Studio.

It was a case of love at first sight. The following day they started going steady. For eight months neither would so much as have a cup of coffee with anyone else.

And February 3 started out to be like any other date. The only difference was that within a few days

Geoff was to go abroad for five months of work on *The Tempest*.

Each moment now was precious. Both remembered too well the horrible three weeks they had lived through—alone—when Geoff was sent to France for *Bonjour Tristesse*... and the exquisite joy when they were finally reunited.

And the promise (Continued on next page)



*We had the rest of our lives before us...
but we just couldn't say good night*



"I took Nancy into my arms—and when she kissed me, I knew that was all the answer I needed."

"We toasted our love, Nancy and I, with a glass of wine. And we drank to our wedding day, and to the thousands of other days that would follow."

"Nancy couldn't wait any longer. 'Let's look at the travel folders,' she begged. And we spent hours poring over picture books—previewing our honeymoon trip. Two sleepy people... by dawn's early light."



to one another never to be separated again. . . .

Then, just a few weeks after he came back, Geoff was offered the romantic lead in *The Tempest*.

His first—almost automatic—impulse was to say *no*, even though he knew the role was a great one. Nancy wouldn't hear of *that*.

"Honey, I almost died when you went away the last time.

But you can't turn *this* down," she argued. "Maybe we can work something out, maybe I can get some modeling jobs in Rome. But I won't be the cause of your refusing this part. Acting means too much to you, Geoffrey, I realize

the night geoffrey proposed

that. And you know, darling, I'd never forgive myself: And it will be months before you will have to leave."

Then suddenly the months had become weeks. Now sailing time was just a few days away. On February 3rd, Geoff had contracts to sign, clothes to buy, agents to see. Nancy had classes at The Studio, a four-hour modeling job. But they had arranged to meet at six that evening, have dinner and take in a show.

They met at six—but neither wanted to dine out, neither wanted to spend precious time at a show.

They had a strange feeling about this evening; a feeling they couldn't put into words.

Instead of going out, they decided to drop into a local grocery store and pick up a few things for dinner. Nancy whipped up Geoff's favorite spaghetti dish—and they had dinner by candlelight. They played records, they talked, they danced, they were lost in one another.

And all the while they never once said anything about five days from now when Geoff would be gone.

If, that morning, you had mentioned the word marriage to them, they would have laughed. Marriage somehow wasn't included in their dream of things. Not now...not yet. In all the months that they had been seeing each other they had never spoken about it. If it was in their thoughts about the future, it was in their silent thoughts.

For both Nancy and Geoff were practical people.

First things first

Nancy, though making thousands of dollars as a model, wanted desperately to

become a fine actress. Most of her energy went toward that goal. Maybe once she made it she could think about becoming a wife. First she had to prove herself.

Geoffrey, after years of hard work, was coming into his own as an actor. Finan-

next month!
the **rock hudson** story
—and **louella** tells it!
you'll meet
debbie and eddie's
new baby! it's a boy!
and learn all there is to
know about that hot
platterer—
johnny mathis
it's all in the
june modern screen
on sale **may 6**

cially, however, it was too soon for him to take on the responsibility of giving a wife the things he felt a wife of his should have.

A girl like Nancy should have.

And all around him were advisors—warning him that the career that started so promisingly could fall apart if he mar-

ried too soon. That's how things stood.

Then, at midnight, everything changed.

"Darling, come with me," Geoff begged.

"Oh, darling, darling," Nancy whispered.

"I want to. I want to so much. But I can't. It wouldn't be good for you...for me. I can't..."

Geoff cupped her face tenderly in his hands. "Oh you darling little fool. Don't you know I'm asking you to marry me."

And when she kissed him, it was all the answer he needed.

The rest of the hours flew by in minutes. There was so much to talk about, a lifetime to plan. They sat dreaming in front of the dying fire until they realized that dawn had stolen up on them. Then Geoff said good-bye. And later that day he and Nancy applied for their marriage license.

On Friday, February 7, at 3 p.m., they drove downtown to the Supreme Court building and were married. In attendance were Geoff's agents and close friends Dick Clayton and Ray Powers.

There was no reception. Just champagne in the bride's apartment.

"Why do I love you?" Geoff teased as he toasted Mrs. Horne for the first time. "Because I'm crazy."

"Why do I love you?" Nancy smiled back. "Because you are marvelous, intelligent, brave, courageous, sympathetic, charming, a good cook and you help with the dishes."

And everyone who saw them on the *Christopher Columbo* when they sailed for a honeymoon in Rome the following noon knew one thing—love each other they did, and the reasons were unimportant. **END**

You can see Geoffrey now in *THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI* and *BONJOUR TRISTESSE* for Columbia. And soon he'll appear in Paramount's *THE TEMPEST*.

give
your
eyes
a lift!

Kurlash

So little does so much for your eyes

KURLASH®
Spend just 60 seconds with KURLASH—the only eyelash curler that gives you automatic refill. Your eyes look larger, lovelier when you use KURLASH.



KURLENE®
Smooth a tiny pat of KURLENE eye cream on your lashes to reveal your natural beauty. No artificial color! Curl lasts longer—eyes sparkle silkier.



TWISSORS®
Shape your eyebrows as makeup experts do—with TWISSORS, the only tweezers with easy scissor action! Now you can even tweeze with your glasses on.





Diane and her best girl friend Joan Dupuis talk over the dance thoroughly, what to wear and what to say, days before it occurs. And when the big moment finally comes, is Diane's date, Dick Sargent enchanted? He sure is!

HOW TO SNAG A STAG

(Continued from page 27)

Molly Bee

I love to give parties—and I give plenty of them. At my parties the accent's on singing and dancing. Sometimes Tommy Sands gets up and sings, but you needn't have a Tommy Sands around for that. We do plenty of horsing around at the piano and you can, too. Since I know so many talented kids, I usually have a built-in little orchestra made up of my guests. But be sure to have plenty of dance music provided by your own records. About food, I find it good to have one main dish—like spaghetti or turkey. Keep the food simple, and have plenty of it. Have some amusing games—like *What's My Line* with funny prizes planned. If you have drums in the closet or a uke, take 'em out and make noise.

HOW TO MAKE A HIT AT A DANCE

Dolores Hart

Learn to dance well! All things being equal, the better you dance the bigger the hit you'll be. Look happy when you're dancing, even if your partner's clomping on your feet or whistling in your ear. Act as though you're having a wonderful time. The stag line makes quick tracks to the girl who looks as though she'd be fun to dance with, and by-passes the girl with the bored expression. A dance may be a good place to make a conquest, too. But remember, even if you meet the dreamiest boy there, go home with the guy who brought you.

Venetia Stevenson

Gay little dabs of talk are fine while you dance, but incessant chatter could easily make your partner steer clear of you. He wants to dance, not carry on a conversational binge I've seen girls at dances

drive their partners crazy by chattering so incessantly that the dance turned into a sort of rocking session—the boy forced to rock back and forth in the middle of the floor while she carried on a forced jabber.

Diane Jergens

Give yourself a break by wearing the type of clothes that set you off best while dancing. I like sheaths, but not on a dance floor. They make you stick out when dancing. A dress which swirls as you move can't be beat for sheer glamor. Be sure your gown doesn't need constant hitching at the shoulder straps or tugging at the skirt. Wear flimsy slippers, but they should be comfortable, too. I once went to a school dance wearing four-inch heels, and I teetered all night.

Molly Bee

If you want him to hold you as though he never wants to let you go, part your hair with perfume so that he gets the most delightful reaction while you're dancing. And who says there's a law that only the boy has to say *thanks* for the dance? It's absolutely charming when a girl smiles and says, "I just loved dancing with you. You're a wonderful dancer, you know." A boy digs compliments like those. If you happen to be at a dance where you're more or less on your own, resist the temptation to find haven with a cluster of girls. Few boys are going to have the courage to plow their way through a crowd of females to seek out one girl at a dance. Get in with a mixed group. And smile. Often a smile will do more to get a boy to ask you for a dance than anything else. Boys get scared, too. If they see a friendly, smiling girl they're more apt to move in her direction.

DO I NEED GIRL FRIENDS?

Dolores Hart

Yes—but don't pour out your soul to all of them. Although I have many friends,

I can think of only two girls I'm willing to confide in. Girls are easily aroused to being catty without realizing it. I think it's wonderful to have girl friends—they ring you in on parties and double dates—but be intimate with only a few. And don't make the mistake of getting into gossip cliques.

Venetia Stevenson

I've never had girl friends, and I'm sorry that I never did develop a circle of them. All of my friends have been male—which is a very pleasant situation, I must admit. But I also miss having some close girl friends with whom I can talk over certain problems. Having girl friends is a short cut to popularity, too: think of all the social doin's they can get you in on.

Diane Jergens

Girl friends can add fun to your life. My best friend, Joan Dupuis, and I spend a great deal of time together laughing it up, listening to records and talking over a lot of girl problems, such as clothes and boys. Girl friends are an integral part of your life in growing-up. And I find mine a whole lot of fun.

Molly Bee

Boys like a girl who is liked by other girls. They figure that if other girls like you, you can't be too catty or unkind. Another virtue of girl friends is that through them you can often meet more boys.

However, there's one thing you have to be careful about. Don't make it a habit to swoop down the street with three or four other girls. That makes it look like you're an army—and that's frightening to any man.

But are girl friends really important to have?

Sure they're important—but steer clear of being too closely identified with one group of girls to the point where you

might lose your own identity. Going out with girl friends is loads of fun, and an important part of growing up, but avoid being just part of a mob.

YOU, TOO, CAN TALK UP A STORM

Dolores Hart

The most obvious way to get started is to talk about him. It's very flattering, too. Talk about his car, even if it's a beat-up model, or about the college he's planning to go to. In fact, if he's a new date, it's a good idea to get a rundown on his interests in advance so that you can pinpoint your talk along those lines. I once went out on a blind date with an actor, and I got his studio biography and briefed myself on it! I guess it was a tricky thing to do, but it certainly worked. Our gabfest rolled all night!

Venetia Stevenson

Because I'm a shy person, this has always been my biggest problem. I used to strain to force conversation and ended up sounding slightly hysterical. This makes it even harder on a boy. Then one evening I decided to forget myself and relax. This made the boy more relaxed and he spoke more easily. So did I. And I wasn't frantic when there was a lull. I let things take their course, and soon we picked up the conversation again. The harmful thing is to worry. When you can't think of small talk, try big talk.

Diane Jergens

I've never had the trouble of not knowing what to say. I'm a born chatterbox. I don't even think about it, which is a great help. But I find that when there are those deadly lulls and there isn't a blessed thing to say, the best prompter is something like, "Do you know Jane Whoziz from that other school?" If he does, we start talking. If he

doesn't, he usually says, "No, but I know so-and-so. Do you?" And off we go. You can use that gimmick for a movie or even a favorite record.

Molly Bee

Just start talking, like jumping off a diving board. Plunge in. Talk—better talk than sit like a bump on a log. No one's expecting you to be a brilliant conversationalist, so don't push yourself. Start talking about little, inconsequential things. You'd be surprised how they build into lively conversations. For instance, I once told my date how I'd become lost driving over a new mountain pass to Hollywood. He told me how he'd lost his way hunting. And so on.

DATING DO'S AND DONT'S

Dolores Hart

Do be appreciative of any gesture he makes, no matter how trivial it may seem. Even if a boy makes a sloppy attempt to be a gallant, he likes to have it appreciated. If he sends you a corsage that's the wrong color, wear it anyway. Better to have it clash than hurt his feelings.

Do notice the nice things about him—the fact that he's nicely dressed, even if his car is washed. A girl loves to be told that she looks lovely, but it may never occur to her to notice out loud that he's wearing a smart tie!

Don't be late. Nothing gives a boy the jim-jams more than staring at the ceiling waiting for a girl when he's all geared to go.

Venetia Stevenson

Do dress simply. Men squirm when they're with a girl who's overdressed.

Don't make great demands on him. Give him a chance to be a gentleman, but

don't glare if he forgets to open the car door for you. Do it yourself.

Don't ask him to carry your comb, lipstick and powderbase in his pocket. Carry a purse large enough to keep all your personal things, so that his own pockets don't bulge and he feels like a valet.

Do look at the guy's mouth when he's talking to you. When you do, he begins to think you find him fascinating and he'll find you fascinating in turn.

Diane Jergens

Do double-date. It's much easier to keep things on a nice friendly keel when another couple is with you.

Don't constantly make with the make-up in front of your guy. It's annoying to him to watch you go through such gyrations. Besides, under those circumstances, where's the illusion?

Molly Bee

Do relax and enjoy every minute of your date. It will make him enjoy you all the more.

Don't strive too hard to be witty. You may impress yourself, but you probably won't impress him. Many a girl has opened her mouth and lost her guy just by talking too smart-alecky. Wisecracks are funny in a movie or in a tv show but boys don't appreciate them in the long run. When you wisecrack, they think you're either being catty or sarcastic.

Don't have a one-track mind and heart.

Be versatile. Learn to do a variety of things.

The more sports you know, the more things you can do, the more fun you can have.

And the more dates! Remember, with one boy you can swim; with another you can bowl and so on—for dozens of fun-filled evenings.

END

A Personal Message...

BEFORE

To the Woman Over 40 Who Sincerely
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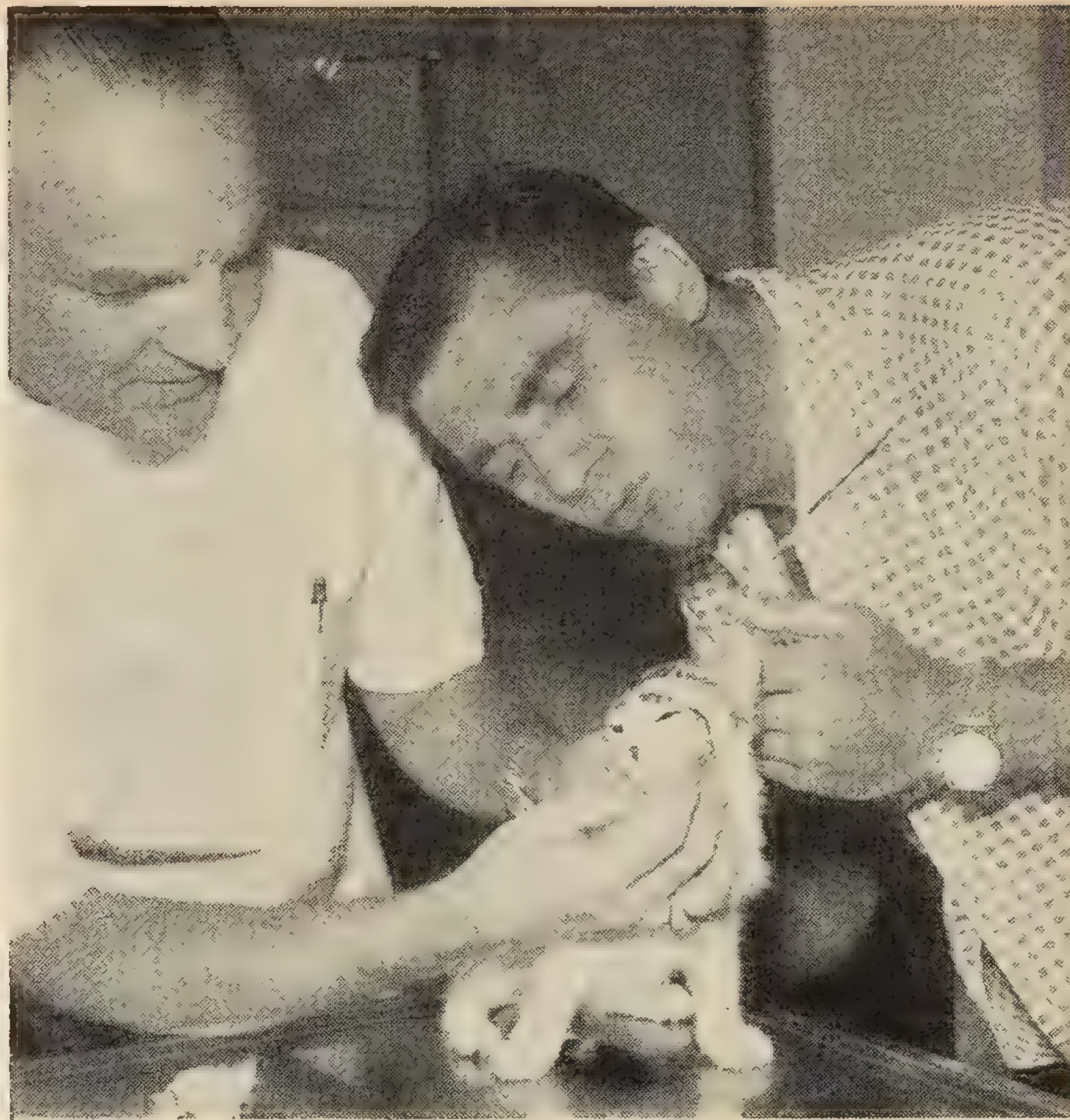
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he
OWES
his
LIFE
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■ Steve Cochran has always been fond of animals. The Cochran home in Coldwater Canyon has always had its assortment of livestock, varying from time to time in type and number. Currently there's Steve's huge German shepherd dog, Shane, who's so big he has some difficulty squeezing into Steve's sports car when the two of them go off to call on friends. Then there's a capuchin monkey, Aristophanes, who's inclined to be a bit jealous of some of Steve's girl friends, and has been known to give them a more-than-friendly nip in warning to steer clear of the master.

But the stoutest heart in the whole collection belongs to Terrible Touhy, a cat who strayed in one evening, decided he liked the looks of the place, and stayed. Terrible Touhy got his name from his attitude toward dogs—he has yet to meet up with a dog who can ruffle his fur. In fact, the very day he decided to adopt Steve, Terrible Touhy chased a neighbor's dog, cowering, into a corner, and kept him there until Steve made a rescue. It was then that Steve decided this cat operated like a big-time gangster—and gave him his name. And a day was to come when Steve was to have more than a little respect for this particular little gangster.

One evening a short time ago, Steve went out for a stroll on his hillside grounds, trailed by the ever-shadowing Terrible Touhy. Steve heard a slight movement in the ivy groundcover adjoining the path, and was on his way into the brush to investigate, but Terrible Touhy bounded ahead of him.

The brave little animal pounced into the ivy. Then the next thing Steve heard sounds of a struggle. Terrible Touhy let out a loud, outraged yowl and came flying out like he'd been struck by lightning. Steve couldn't see any mark on him, his fur was so long. But when he looked back at that brush, he saw something slither. Then it was out in the open and Steve saw what it was—a rattlesnake, and it was a good six feet long. A real mean-looking son-of-a-gun. It was all poised, looking like it wanted a good bite out of Steve, too. Steve lost no time backing away. Then he pulled his revolver from his pocket and blasted the rattler. Steve fired several times before the rattler stopped moving and he could be sure it was dead.

Then he picked up Terrible Touhy and ran back to the house. He called his secretary, who rushed the cat to a nearby animal hospital.

The cat recovered, and was brought home a few days later. Steve held the lion-hearted little animal on his lap and told him, "Touhy, that was a real whopper of a rattler." This news carried no weight whatsoever with Terrible Touhy. As soon as he could squirm away from Steve, he charged outside, bent on settling the score with any other snake in the grass that might be hanging around.

Steve, however, had other ideas. "Terrible Touhy may have eight more lives left, but his quick action saved the only life I've got, and I'm not about to let him go out there risking the other eight."

the best party

(Continued from page 43) And he explained, "It's kind of a Hawaiian party."

"They should have made it a cowboy party," was David's thought on that subject.

Alan had worked that day, worked hard, and he was tired and in his book they should have made it *no* party at all. And Alan will be the first to tell you that he's not crazy about parties, period; that he still carries some of his boyhood shyness to them and, as he says, "I still find it hard to walk into a room full of strange people and be very comfortable."

David, after shaking his head and deciding it was *really* too bad that it wasn't going to be a cowboy party, said, "Dad, what do they do at a Hawaiian party, anyway?"

Alan thought for a moment. "Well," he said, "I guess they serve Hawaiian food and drinks. And they decorate the place as if it were Waikiki Beach or somewhere like that. And they give out leis..."

"What's that?" David asked.

Alan explained.

"Gee," David said, impressed. He'd never heard of a lasso pinned with flowers and thrown around the neck.

At that point, Sue came in and said to Alan that they'd better get going.

"You look pretty, Mommy," David said.

"That's what I wanted you to say," Sue said, laughing.

June Allyson tells what happened on the moonlit night in '45 when Dick Powell looked into her tear-swept eyes and said, "I hope you'll marry me. I love you, June."

"My reply," says June, "would have staggered a lesser man. . . . Years before, in New York, I had dated a singer named Tommy Mitchell. And this night when Richard told me he loved me, I looked up into his eyes and murmured, 'I love you, too, Tommy.' We survived it."

*Paul Sann
in the New York Post*

Downstairs a few minutes later, David stood with Hannah, the maid, and her husband, Jerry, the houseman, as Alan and Sue got ready to leave.

"Now you be a good boy and eat a good supper," Alan said to David.

"And then," said Sue, "you can watch television with Hannah and Jerry."

"Yes," David answered. "Yes." Nobody seemed to notice at the moment that his gaze seemed to be very far away, that the little boy was thinking something, planning something. Except maybe Alan should have realized something was a-foot, having been thinking just a bit back that you never could tell what that young fellow might think up.

Alan and Sue kissed David good-bye and—it was really getting late now—they left.

David, Hannah and Jerry stood on the steps waving good-bye until the Ladd's car was out of sight. Then, suddenly, David turned to the couple and, all excited, said, "Gee, I just had an idea." He spluttered out the details of his idea.

"But David..." Hannah said, shaking her head.

"Now, David..." Jerry said, shaking his finger.

"Yes," David said, definitely. "It's my idea and I want to do it and *wow!*" The last word came out like a joyous Indian yelp and Hannah and Jerry couldn't help looking at each other and looking just a little bit upset.

It was about 7 o'clock that night when Alan and Sue realized that the party-

givers from New York weren't supplying their guests with any dinner. The party had been some fun at the beginning, but it was getting too crowded now and too noisy and it was beginning to drag. And Alan and Sue and a few good friends they'd run into were getting decidedly on the hungry side.

"Why don't we leave now and grab a bite at a restaurant?" one of the friends suggested.

Alan, Sue and the others agreed. They all said *good night* and thanked their hosts and got into their cars. Just before they started for the restaurant Sue snapped her fingers. "Alan and I are going to stop at the house for a few minutes," she called out to the others, piling into their own cars. "I just remembered. I have to tell my daughter, Carol Lee, about something we have to do tomorrow morning. We'll join you all a little later."

The Ladds weren't worried about anything. David, Hannah and Jerry were probably watching tv, they figured, and they didn't want to bother any of them. So Alan got out his key and opened the door. Inside, the house seemed pretty quiet—no sound of tv, of *Wyatt Earp* shooting it out with any bad guys, or anything.

The case of the missing roses

"I wonder where they are?" Sue said, looking into the living room. And then she just happened to notice that a large batch of roses she'd arranged that afternoon was missing from a vase on one of the end-tables. Alan, by this time, was standing at a foyer window which overlooked the pool and patio. "Sue," he whispered, making a come-over-here sign with his finger.

Sue rushed over to where Alan stood. And then she saw them—David and Hannah and Jerry. Hannah and Jerry were seated around a large white tablecloth on the lawn by the pool. Hannah was wearing her Sunday best and Jerry was wearing an orange-and-yellow sportshirt the Ladds had seen him wear once on his day off. Around their necks they wore a garland of loosely-pinned flowers — roses. They both looked very uncomfortable and a far cry from the smiling David who was approaching them, very slowly, carrying a tremendous platter of what looked like fruit and something white and steaming.

The Ladds watched, quietly, as David went over, as he turned down Jerry and Hannah's offer to help him with the giant platter, as he laid the platter down. Hannah had just closed her eyes as if in prayer. They watched as David stood there for a minute deciding whether or not to sit down himself, and then suddenly shook his head—he'd obviously forgotten something—and rushed back towards the kitchen.

When he was out of sight, Alan and Sue walked out to the patio. Before they could say anything, Hannah saw them, jumped up and said: "Oh, Mr. Ladd! Mrs. Ladd! David is giving us a party. We told him *no*, but he said *yes*—and when he says *yes*, he means it."

All by himself

"That boy," she said, "that wonderful boy. Do you know what he did? When you left for the party, he turned to me and Jerry and he said, 'You know, you two never go to parties or anything and now I want to give you a party. It's going to be a Hawaiian party, like the one Mommy and Daddy just went to.' We told him: 'Oh, no you don't, David. You don't have to go giving us any parties.' And he said to us, 'Oh, yes I do!' Well, he makes me and Jerry go change our clothes and while we're changing them he's down in the kitchen making his mysterious meal,

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a Hawaiian meal he said. Of course I was worried about him being in the kitchen all alone like that. And so I changed real fast and then I stood by the door peeking in. You should have seen him. I guess rice is Hawaiian, because that's what David made. He got out two boxes from the cupboard and he read the directions like he was going to have a test in school tomorrow on them, so careful, and then he got out the pot and filled it with water and...and he made all this rice. And while it was cooking he was running all around the place, setting the tablecloth out here, getting some string and that bunch of roses we had in the living room and making these beautiful things we got around our necks, and getting fruit from the icebox so he could put them with the rice and make this a real Hawaiian party, like he said. And when he was all through arranging everything, you know what he did? He called out for me and Jerry to go outside the front door for a few minutes, then to ring the bell. We did that—and, do you know, in the time it took us to ring the bell he'd run to his room and put on his new jacket, his nice jacket, and we could hear him come running to the door and then stop and then, slowly, he opened the door and give us a smile from here to New York and back and he said, 'Hello, Hannah...hello, Jerry...I would like to welcome you to your party!'

Alan and Sue stood motionless for a moment. Then they looked at each other and smiled and Alan took Sue's hand and held it, very tight, very proudly.

David rushed out with salt and pepper shakers, which he'd forgotten. "Hi Mommy. Hi, Daddy," he said. "Do you see the party we're having?"

Sue could only nod. Alan stepped closer to the tablecloth and studied it admiringly.

"Very nice, son," he said. "Very nice."

"Thank you, Dad," David said. He began to salt and pepper the rice now, using giant quantities of both but being very careful not to get any of the stuff on the pineapple and the bananas and peaches which sat smack in the middle of the rice. "It's the first party I ever gave, but I think it's going to be a nice one."

Alan and Sue had a quiet consultation. "David," he said, "your Mother and I were just wondering if...if you had enough here for us to join your party."

The boy looked up. He grinned. "Gee, Daddy," he said, "I was going to ask you, but I thought you'd been to one party already and that maybe you wouldn't want to have to go to another one."

"Your Mother and I," Alan said, "would like very much to come to this party. She's inside now, calling some people we were going to meet later on and telling them we can't make it."

"Oh, boy," David said, getting all excited again. He looked down at the table. "This means we need two more dishes...and some more knives and forks."

"I'll help you get them," Alan said, taking his hand.

"Swell," David said. He turned to Hannah and Jerry, "You two can start drinking your orange juice and start enjoying yourselves, meanwhile." Then, as he walked back to the kitchen with his father, he looked up and asked, "Is this almost as good as the Hawaiian party you and Mommy just went to, Dad?"

Alan smiled, "This is the best party your Mother and I ever went to."

And it was...

END

Alan will appear in MGM's *THE BADLANDERS* and United Artists' *THE MAN IN THE NET* and *THE PROUD REBEL*, produced by Samuel Goldwyn, Jr.



MOSES

AND THE DANCING GIRL

■ Chuck Heston tells this one on himself—how he was carried away by a part, then brought back to earth with a sudden jolt by two words from an extra.

"After ten months in Egypt," says Chuck, "playing Moses in *The Ten Commandments*, I really got carried away with the part.

"I guess it was the long white beard and hair and the flowing robe, coupled with my solemn and sometimes awesome lines.

"Anyway, I finally reached the point where I wouldn't smoke a cigarette or even drink a cup of coffee on the set. They didn't seem proper things for Moses to be doing.

"I just walked around between takes and more or less glared.

"One day we finished the first take of a scene on Mount Sinai, where I hold up the tablets of stone and everyone cowers beneath them as I scathingly dress them down as sinners.

"We quit for lunch after the take and I made my way down the mountain side through the 'sinners,' carrying the commandments in my arms and staring solemnly ahead.

"By now I was really gone.

"No one said a word to me until I neared a little dancing girl who was wearing about seven square inches of tiger skin and sipping a martini someone on the set had made for her. As I walked in front of her, she brought me back among the humans with only two words uttered just loud enough for me to hear. She said:

"Party pooper!"

Watch for Chuck Heston in U-I's TOUCH OF EVIL, UA's THE BIG COUNTRY and Paramount's THE BUCCANEER.

introducing james darren

(Continued from page 37) called their names until they were both awake.

"Mama ... Pop," he said. "I was up in New York today and I got signed up for the movies."

His mother, who'd awakened with a start, smiled for a moment and then burst into tears.

His father, who wasn't really awake at all at first, snapped up into a sitting position and grabbed his son's hand. "E vero, Jimmy?" he asked.

Jim nodded. "It's true, Pop," he said. And then he gulped—because glad as he was that his folks were so glad, he was sorry they'd got over their grogginess already.

"And you don't smile at this good news?" his father asked, still clutching at his nineteen-year-old son's hand and grinning broadly.

"Well, Pop..." Jim started to say, his voice dead serious.

Mrs. Ercolani turned suddenly. "Jimmy," she said, "you didn't do anything wrong to get into the movies, did you?"

"No, Mom," Jim said.

"I mean," Mrs. Ercolani said, thinking back to an incident Jim himself will tell about later in this story, "you didn't go locking up anybody in a closet or something?"

"No, Mom," Jim said, and again he gulped. "It's just," he said, "that I wanted you to know I'm married."

There was a long, but not very long, pause.

"To Gloria," Mrs. Ercolani said, not asking.

Jim nodded.

"And it's been about a year," Mr. Ercolani said, not asking.

Jim nodded again—and his folks turned and nodded wisely at one another.

They'd suspected it, they told him now, but they were never really sure. And anyway, they said, it was wonderful news and why was Jim shaking so much all of a sudden; they knew that he'd always loved Gloria and now they loved Gloria too, and they wanted them both to always be very happy—and, Mr. Ercolani said, laughing and getting out of bed and reaching for his bathrobe, "What do you say, Mama, you make us all a nice cup of coffee and we celebrate our Jimmy being a movie star and a husband, all at once?"

The talk

From that point on, they sat and talked and laughed till the early hours of the next morning, reminiscing about the old days of Jim Ercolani, wondering about the new days of James Darren—the professional name he had decided on, thankful that all their years of dreaming and hard work were coming to such a wonderful end.

Mrs. Ercolani, being a mother—and a woman, wanted to know all about the wedding first. She had known Gloria, the pretty dark-haired Jewish girl from down the street, for about as long as Jim had, seven years. She knew they'd met when they were both twelve, that they'd started to go out together to things like the movies and the beach when they were about fifteen, and that for a couple of years now they'd been going out together every night of the week. But the wedding, Mrs. Ercolani wanted to know—what was it like and where did it take place and...

"We only did it secretly," Jim interrupted her, as if he had to explain, "because I didn't want you to feel you were losing a son so young."

"I know," Mrs. Ercolani said, "but how did it happen?"

Jim smiled. "Well," he said, "for the last couple of years I'd wanted to marry Gloria.

But always I told myself, 'You've got to wait until you can support her.' And then one day I realized it might be a long time and I couldn't wait that long and so I asked Gloria if she'd marry me and she said yes. So a couple of nights later we got into a car and drove down to Elkton, Maryland. I needed a 'father' to give his consent and so we got this guy to come along and all the way down I had to teach him how to spell Ercolani so it would look right when he had to sign the papers. And then when we got there that part went all right, but I found out that all the weddings in Elkton were listed in a newspaper around there and I had to pay this reporter fifteen dollars to keep my wedding out of the papers."

Mrs. Ercolani ts-ktsk. "You were too broke to get married right," she said, "and then fifteen dollars—poof!"

The bargain

"Well," his mother said, winking, "tomorrow night you bring my new daughter-in-law over here for dinner and I'll make a lasagna of fifteen pounds and that way we'll make everything even. Okay?"

"Okay," Jim said, winking back.

Now it was Mr. Ercolani's turn. How did his son get his movie contract?

Whereupon Jim told him the story, the true story, that even fairytale Hollywood finds it hard to believe.

"I went up to New York last Thursday to have some pictures taken," he began, then told them how on his way out of the studio the photographer's secretary, a warm-voiced middle-aged woman, asked him, "You're interested in show business, aren't you?"

"That's right," Jim had said.

"You got any leads?" the woman asked.

I'm an actor interested in coffee and roles.

Cary Grant

"No," Jim said.

"Here," the woman said, jotting down a name and address on a memo paper, "go over and talk to this lady."

Jim thanked her and a little while later he was in the lobby of the Brill Building on Broadway, waiting for an elevator to take him up.

"When I got into the elevator," Jim says, "this woman came in right after me. She began staring at me as soon as she stepped in and she stared all the way up. Then, when the elevator stopped at the ninth or tenth floor, she got out and I got out, too. She went into an office and I went to the receptionist's desk. I showed the receptionist the note from the photographer's secretary and she took me into an office. It was the same office the woman from the elevator had gone into. We both looked a little surprised to see one another. Then we shook hands and the woman asked me to sit down."

The interview

"I like your looks," the woman said, very matter-of-factly.

"Thank you," Jim answered, running his hand across his face, as if to wipe away the sudden blush.

"Have you ever had any acting experience?" the woman asked.

"No," Jim said.

"Any acting classes?"

"Well," Jim said, "I signed up with a school—Stella Adler's—here in New York about a year ago, but I've only gone to about two weeks' worth of classes."

"Why?" the woman asked.

"Because I'm lazy," Jim said.

"That's an honest answer," smiled the woman. "Now," she said, "Tell me about

yourself. What were you like as a kid, a young boy?"

"I was shy," Jim said, starting slowly, "very shy, so shy that everybody thought I was conceited. If people said *hello* to me—I don't know why—but I used to be embarrassed to say hello back and I'd just look down at my shoes and wouldn't answer. Once in school, I remember, a girl said hello to me and I didn't say hello back and later, when I saw her walking towards me with another girl, I heard her say, 'Here comes that snob!' It made me feel awful."

"Were you a goody-goody then?" the woman asked.

Jim grinned. "No," he said. "In other ways I used to be a pretty fresh kid."

"Like when?" the woman asked.

"Like once in high school," Jim said. "I was having a lot of trouble with this teacher and it came to the point where I couldn't take it anymore and so I locked her up in a closet."

"And?" the woman asked, trying to hide her smile.

Life on the farm

"And I got expelled," Jim said, not smiling. "And then there was the time my kid brother, Johnny, and I were living on my uncle's farm up in Woodstown, New Jersey, and there was this horse. Dixie was his name. He was blind in one eye. And when nobody was around we'd take him to the house and feed him. And

Otto Preminger, producer-director of *Bonjour Tristesse*, taught drama at Yale, shortly after he arrived from his native Vienna. A friend asked how he could teach at an American university when he knew so little English. "It was easy," said Preminger. "I'd assign the students to read a play. Then I'd call on one of them to give his opinion of it, and call on another to disagree with him. And all I had to do was nod, and listen."

*Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post*

then one day, just like that, he lay down and died. Johnny and I were with him at the time and we ran to tell my grandmother. We were crying and I remember my grandmother coming out to see Dixie and saying, '*Si, è morto*—yes, he is dead,' and then taking off her apron and putting it around his head, sort of out of respect. Then we all just stood there and prayed that Dixie would be happy in whatever place he was going now."

"Jim," the woman asked, "have you ever done anything you're real proud of?"

"That's a hard question to answer," Jim said.

"Have you ever done anything you're really sorry about, then?" the woman asked.

Jim thought a moment. And then he nodded. "The trumpet," he said. "I'd been studying trumpet for about three years and my father went out and bought me this new instrument, to kind of celebrate the anniversary, I guess. But I was really getting fed up with my lessons and I had this teacher who'd give me a poke in the arm when I played a wrong note sometimes. So one night I decided not to go for lessons anymore. I went to a candy store near the house instead. And when the teacher saw I didn't show up, he phoned my father and asked him what was wrong. My father didn't know, but he came looking for me and he found me in the candy store hiding under a pin-ball machine. He really let me have it, right then and there.

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Please check the space left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE PERRY COMO:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE BARBARA STANWYCK:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE JUNE ALLYSON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE JAMES DARREN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE TONY CURTIS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I LIKE JANET LEIGH

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-

pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE ALAN LADD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE DEBRA PAGET:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE JOANNE WOODWARD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE PAUL NEWMAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE GEOFFREY HORNE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE GUY MADISON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I LIKE GLENN FORD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-com-
pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

16. I READ: ☐ all of HOW TO SNAG A

STAG ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

17. The stars I most want to read about are.

(1) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE

(2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE

(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE NAME

ADDRESS STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

Here are the poll prize winners for February: Renee Cohen, Plainfield, New Jersey; Mrs. Hester Bonner, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary J. Nitz, Philippi, West Virginia; Mrs. Mary M. Elliott, Pontiac, Ill.; Lois Lowenhaupt, Covington, Tenn.; Leslie Samuels, Flushing, N.Y.; Joan Mims, Ft. Arthur, Texas; Marge Krstich, Brooklyn, New York; Rita Kennedy, Houston, Texas; Carol Kohl, Madison, Wisconsin.

I tried to explain to him, that I was sorry about the new trumpet and everything, and I think it took him a while to understand."

The kid in the night club

"Did you ever want to be a musician?" the woman asked.

"I wanted to be a singer," Jim told her. "Ever since I was a kid, I guess that's what I wanted to be. I remember when I was about nine years old singing for my grandmother all the time. Her favorite song was *Besame Mucho* and I'd sing it over and over for her. Then a few years later I told my father about my wanting to be a singer and he contacted a friend who knew a friend, and before I knew it I was singing at Frank Palumbo's C-R Club in Philadelphia a few nights a week. Don't get me wrong, Ma'am—this wasn't for pay. It was just one of those deals where I'd be sitting at the bar—drinking glass after glass of hot water and lemon for my voice—and the floor show would begin and the MC would say, 'We've got a special surprise for you tonight—a guest star in our audience named Jimmy Ercolani.' I never could understand why he just wouldn't say, 'There's a kid here tonight who'd like to sing for you people.' Anyway, I'd get up to the bandstand and start to sing. I was always very nervous on my first number, but there'd always be some applause after it and so I figured if they want to sit and listen to me, I'll be glad to oblige. After the first song, I'd get over my nervousness and the only thing that would get me then would be some of the musicians sitting behind me. There'd always be one who'd say to another, 'Who's he trying to sound like tonight—'Frank Sinatra?'—or 'Perry Como?'—or 'Mel Torme?' This really used to get me."

"What did your parents think of your singing?" the woman asked Jim now.

"Oh, I never would allow my mother to come," Jim said. "Everytime I sang anything in front of her she would start to cry, like it was the most beautiful voice and the most beautiful notes in the world. In fact, the only person I know who ever heard me sing professionally was my father, and that was because I was underage at the time and he had to come. What a guy he is, my father. He's a tailor and all day he'd work hard in the store and then he'd go home for supper and then, instead of just sitting around and relaxing like other people, he'd come with me to the club and sit around for hours, till the early morning sometimes, just so I could get a chance to sing and practice."

"When I was a kid I never had many friends. Even now, I guess I don't. But my father is probably the best friend I'll ever have. He taught me a lot about electrical work, which he's very good at, and when I got interested in making model airplanes he used to help me a lot. And I used to like to build cars, too—you know, take stuff out of the trash cans at garages and junk shops and put it all together and hope the jalopy would move when I was through—and even on this my father used to spend a lot of time helping me, because he knew that what I was doing was making me happy and so it made him happy, too."

They like him

The woman smiled and then she reached for her phone. "I'd like to talk to Harry Romm at Columbia Pictures," she told her secretary. A moment later, she was connected. "Hello, Harry," she said, "there's a boy here I'd like you to see."

Within an hour, both she and Jim were seated in Mr. Romm's office. They all talked back and forth for about fifteen minutes and then Mr. Romm got up, shook Jim's hand and said, "You'll be hearing from me."

Jim heard the next day, by phone, in Philadelphia. Mr. Romm wanted him to come to his office on the following Monday for something "very important."

Jim sweated out the week end in silence. Then, Monday morning at 11 o'clock, he showed up at the movie executive's fancy office.

"I have a contract here for you to sign," Mr. Romm told Jim. "And I'll make a deal with you. We're not going to bother giving you a screen test. And we never sign contracts till the party has read a scene first. But why don't you sign this first, and then you can read."

Nervously, Jim signed. And then, nervously, he read a scene from *Golden Boy*. And then, very nervously, he killed a couple of hours in New York before calling Gloria and telling her the great news and then going back to Philadelphia to tell his folks.

"A husband and an actor," his mother said now, proudly, the tears still in her eyes, as they sat around the kitchen table—her, her husband and her son—drinking coffee and talking about what had happened.

"A husband and—I hope, an actor," Jim said.

Then he looked down at his watch. It was late, and he started to bed.

"Don't forget," his mother called out, "tomorrow night—you and Gloria—the lasagna!"

"All right, Mom," Jim called back.

A nice name

Then Mrs. Ercolani turned to her husband. "Papa," she asked, "this name Darren that Jimmy says he picked for the movies. How did he think of that one?"

"You know how interested he's always been in reading about sports cars all the time," Mr. Ercolani said. "I guess it's from the name of the English sports car."

"Oh," Mrs. Ercolani said. She repeated the name a few times. "That's a nice name—James Darren—isn't it, Papa?" she asked.

Her husband took her hand and squeezed it. "That's a very nice name, Mama," he said.

And after just a few months the name James Darren was to become a very nice name to the executives at Columbia Pictures in Hollywood, too.

Jim's first picture after his arrival in the movie town was *Rumble On the Docks*. His part was small, but his impression on the fans was big and the mail started to pour in. In his next two pictures, *The Brothers Rico* and *Operation Mad Ball*, his parts were somewhat bigger and so was his impression on the fans and now the mail really started to come in droves.

Meanwhile, for the past year or so, the studio had had a hot script property on its hands. It was called *Gunman's Walk*. Tab Hunter had been signed for one role; Van Heflin for another. But the third male lead was open, and had been open for a long time. It was an important role and the studio had to be sure it was filled right.

And then one day someone interrupted a casting conference and said, "How about Jimmy Darren?"

And that was it—the beginning of what everyone at Columbia bets will be the big-time for a young man who rates it.

Jim's reaction to all this?

He's still a shy-enough guy to say simply that it's all wonderful and that he hopes he makes proud all the people who've helped him and had faith in him.

But talk to him just a little while longer and mention, in passing, that you've heard somewhere that he and his Gloria became parents not too long ago, and the shyness disappears like snow on a spring hillside and Jim sunnily tells you, "Yep, I'm a father. He's a boy—name's Jimmy. And let me tell you, it was the happiest mo-

(Advertisement)

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

Doctors say this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by

special glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this kind of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

Science has discovered that a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

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*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

ment in my life when he came. You see, when I'd thought about my having a child someday, I'd always hoped it would be a boy—so I could do things for him and build things for him and just be with him more than I figured I'd be with a girl. Of course, if it was a girl I would have loved her very much. But I really wanted a boy and—I couldn't help it—but Gloria knew this, too. And I guess I really rubbed it in because one day before the baby came I promised her I'd bring two dozen roses to the hospital if she filled my order.

Da-Da (whistle) Da-Da

"I guess every parent thinks his child is unusual in so many ways," Jim goes on, "but you want to hear about mine? Well, first of all, he can whistle already. He says Da-Da (whistle) Da-Da, with a real strong whistle in the middle. He calls everybody Da-Da, even his mother.

"And for another thing, he really loves music—especially Frank Sinatra. Every time he gets rambunctious all we have to do is put on a Sinatra record and as soon as the singing starts Jimmy quiets down and begins to wave his hand like he's conducting. We call him Nelson Riddle sometimes. And let me tell you, it's got to be a Sinatra record that will quiet him down. We've tried Jackie Gleason a few times—you know, that quiet sentimental music—but Jimmy just ignores it and keeps on being rambunctious until he gets what he wants."

Then Jim smiles and says, "Gloria and I are with him all the time. That's the way we're happiest. We have a little apartment here in Hollywood and it's just us and the baby and it's great that way. We don't go out much. I don't like parties. I'd just rather not go to them. When Gloria and I want to get out we usually go to the

movies, or else we get into my car and drive out to the Mojave Desert and I shoot. I don't shoot at anything in particular; either just up in the air or at a few empty soda bottles I always keep in the back of the car. And sometimes, when we just feel like visiting with some other people, we go over and see Paul Picceni and his family. Paul played one of my brothers in *Rico*. He's got eight kids. I feel just like their uncle, we're that close. In fact, one of the kids—Peevee, they call him—always calls me Uncle Charlie because the first time he saw me he thought I was Paul's brother.

"Yes, it's a great life," Jim continues, "just the way we lead it. And it's funny, but sometimes someone will ask me what's your greatest wish. And I have to tell them that it's that everything continues to go along just as nicely as it's going today."

And then Jim pauses and let's you in on a little secret. "Although to tell you the truth," he says, "deep down I wish to see the day when I'm enough of a success so that I can drive back home to Philadelphia in a shiny, new Mercedes-Benz, hand my father the key and say, 'Here, Pop, this car is for you.' And then to give my mother a check and tell her, 'This is for a new house to live in after all the things you've done for me.' This is something I really want to do someday. Then after that I can start thinking about my own nice car and house—for me, Gloria and the baby. If I'm worth anything out here, there should be plenty of time for all that to come true, you know?"

From where we sit, Jim, we'd say it should be a cinch.

END

Watch for Part 2 of Jimmy Darren's story, coming soon.

You can see Jim in Columbia's *OPERATION MAD BALL* and *GUNMAN'S WALK*.

Somebody has to believe in you—



Glenn Ford and his lovely wife Eleanor Powell know a secret for a happy marriage. . . .

■ There is a saying in Hollywood that the acting span of the average movie star is five years. We know one actor who's an exception to that saying—and his name's Glenn Ford. Glenn has been appearing on the screen since 1939. Reminded of this, Glenn looks almost apologetic. "I don't understand it," he'll say. "When you think of all of the bad pictures I've made, it's a wonder I'm still around. Guess maybe, just because so many people believed in me—guess I had to live up to it all!

"Actually," says Glenn, "I spent a good many years wanting to be nothing more than a stage manager. I used up a lot of energy in hating actors. I had to play nursemaid to them all the time, running up and down stairs backstage, prodding them into being on time, being squeezed in the middle when two of them got into a brawl about the star dressing room. Once an actor overslept and missed the train to Santa Barbara, and who did he blame? Me, of course! There was no such thing as a tolerant actor. I was almost always

find out from the people who know him—wife Sheila, manager-advisor-and-friend Helen Ainsworth, brother Wayne Mallory, fellow actor Andy Devine, director George Sherman—and even from Guy himself, and some others...

The change most apparent to all is his new self-assurance as compared to an almost incredible degree of shyness as recent as three years ago.

Reporters who came to interview him invariably walked away with a feeling of "he's a heck of a nice guy, but he has nothing to say..."

Usually his publicist did all the talking, with Guy's remarks restricted to a few brief answers. He shunned parties and people; he shunned both personal and professional associations.

The first departure from this attitude occurred at a cocktail party at the Pan Pacific Auditorium, when a petite, attractive, brown-haired colleen captivated him and he forged ahead and introduced himself!

"That's the first time he ever talked to a girl on his own account since I have known him," the publicist-host told pretty Sheila Connolly, now Mrs. Guy Madison. To make the surprise complete, he even offered to take her home. But then he promptly reverted back to style.

Blushed, even on phone

"He was so shy," Sheila recalls, "I had the feeling he was blushing even when he talked to me on the phone..."

And he called regularly, every day, unless he was on a hunting trip with Rory Calhoun or Howard Hill. Then he phoned as soon as he got back—even if it was three o'clock in the morning.

But he wouldn't make a date.

"I hinted I'd like to be taken out," Sheila admitted. "But he didn't bite..."

So she invited him for supper.

"I'd love to come," Guy exclaimed when she called. "What can I bring?"

"What can you WHAT?"

"Bring along to eat."

"That won't be necessary."

Nevertheless, at seven the next morning, on the way to the studio, he stopped by and left a huge leg of lamb, enough to feed eight people. Sheila didn't have the faintest idea what to do with it, called a friend who told her all about basting it with mustard and sprinkling it with cloves, then spoiled the dish by using garlic cloves instead of regular ones. Result: Guy had to take her out for dinner whether he liked it or not. And he liked it.

Yet his attitude didn't change for a long time. "Even after we were married, I couldn't make him go to a dinner party, premiere, any function where there were more than a couple of people."

His reluctance "to ease up" was just as noticeable to Andy Devine, his co-star in the Wild Bill Hickok series. Recalls Andy, "When I first met Guy, I found it extremely difficult to get along with him. As far as our work was concerned there was no problem. But I'm the kind of fellow who loves to talk to people, get to know them real well. Call it nosey, call it chummy, call it whatever you want... but it didn't get me anywhere with him. Most subjects he wouldn't discuss at all. About the rest he was hesitant. The only exception was hunting and fishing."

While Andy couldn't do much about it, Sheila was unwilling to leave Guy in his shell. She considered it essential for him to mix with others, to become more at ease, more self confident. "Besides," she insisted at breakfast one morning, "you owe it to your fellow actors."

Guy's head shot around. "Why?"

"If you want them to go to the opening of your pictures and to studio parties on your behalf, you have to do the same for them. It's only fair."

Little by little he changed. He'd go to a premiere, occasionally. He didn't object quite as much to attending a dinner party. He was willing to have people over to the house once in a while.

To what extent he has readjusted himself by now was evident a few weeks ago when he returned from a wild boar hunt on the Santa Barbara Islands. "I got a big one," he announced as he climbed out of the car, pulled a huge boar from the trunk, and slung it over his shoulder to take it to the garage.

Sheila was impressed, but puzzled about what to do with all the meat.

"That's all taken care of," Guy replied.

"We're having a party on Saturday."

"Here? At the house?"

"Of course." And then he invited twenty-five people to have dinner with them!

A week later he suggested they attend the SHARE party at the Cocomanut Grove, and a few days after that made arrangements to see the Ice Capades. "It's getting to the point where I am the one who suggests staying home once in a while," Sheila admits with a grin. "Particularly since once he gets to a party nowadays, he has such fun I can hardly budge him."

According to most people who know him, another change in Guy is his new willingness, almost anxiousness, to accept responsibilities.

Sheila remembers how he used to avoid making a decision that might hurt anyone, even when it was a fair decision. Like when the Madisons were dissatisfied with their help. It was always her duty to do the firing. Not anymore.

The week she brought their last baby home from the hospital, Guy walked into the living room just as their housekeeper was going through his personal checks. Without hesitating he told her to pack and leave. Comments Sheila ruefully, "He didn't enjoy doing it, but he did it."

Guy's brother, Wayne, points out that these changes have been brewing for a long time; this isn't any over-night switch. Wayne not only insists that Guy has always played "big brother" to him and others, but that the consciousness of accepting responsibilities has made him serious beyond his years—long before Hollywood, and the consequent problems of a career that didn't pan out at first, a marriage that fell apart, and all the other problems he faced during his first years.

"Since we were kids. . ."

"Guy has looked out for me since we were kids," Wayne says, remembering how his brother used to do many of Wayne's chores when they were still living in Bakersfield. Like the morning the alarm rang at four, and it was Wayne's turn to milk the cows. He had gone to a dance the night before, and didn't get home till midnight. When he got out of bed, all his muscles ached and he could hardly move.

Just as he poured some cold water over his head to help him wake up, Guy strutted into the room. "Go back to bed. The work's done."

"But it was my turn," Wayne protested.

"I wasn't so sure you could make it," Guy grinned. Wayne went back to sleep.

"This was the rule, not the exception," he smiles, "and it still is."

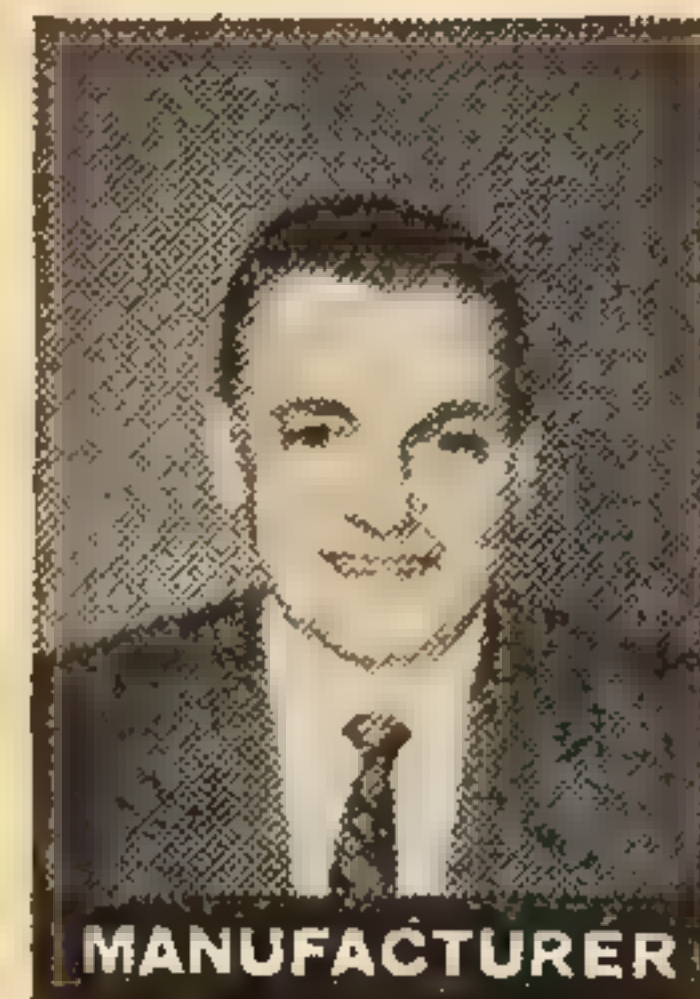
He admits that without Guy, he could never have gone through college. "My brother supported both of us when we lived together, before he married Sheila. And Guy still sees to it that I get parts in his television and feature films." Even though Wayne is now at the point where he can earn a good living on his own as an actor, "Thanks to Guy who gave me a start."

But Wayne doesn't argue about the fact that Guy has matured a great deal in recent months and gives the lion's share of



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JERRY LEWIS' surplus suit problem

■ When Jerry Lewis goes into a men's clothing store, he orders items like socks, sixty pairs at a time. Shorts he likes to order in five dozen lots, too. At six-week intervals! What does he do with this wholesale stock—doesn't he like laundries?

And what about the some forty suits, five dinner jackets and twenty sports jackets Jerry buys a year? Here's the answer.

When the number of suits in his built-in closets gets up around 150, Jerry just throws a party—and gives away twenty-five or thirty suits at a clip to young actors and kids that he likes.

Tony Curtis was wearing Jerry's suits when he was just about able to afford the price of having them altered from Jerry's size. The same went for Sammy Davis, Jr. Once, in the old days, Tony turned up sharp as a tack not only in a custom made suit of Jerry's, but in his new alligator shoes.

"Jerry's feet are longer and thinner than mine," says Tony, "but I wore them!" All my life I'd been wanting shoes like that, and I wasn't going to *not* wear them just because they hurt a little!"

It actually got so that Tony didn't wait for a suit party. When he was feeling like wearing something different, he'd just go over to Jerry's house and pick out something he liked. Once Jerry got a couple of suits he was particularly fond of. When he got home from a trip—no suits. Uh-huh. Tony had beat him to it.

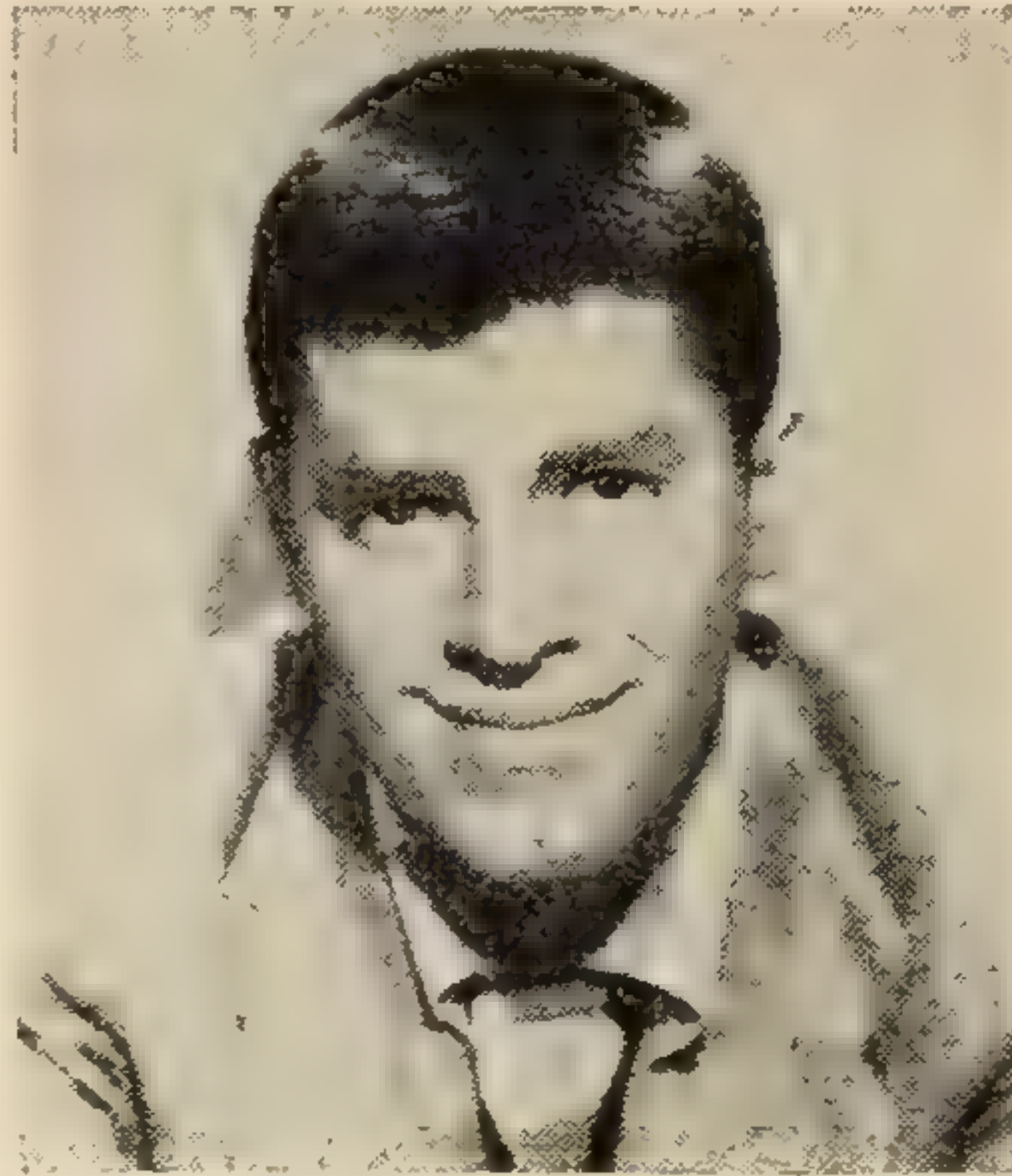
Of course, Tony Curtis buys his own suits today—and things are a little different, anyway. A few years ago Patti Lewis had an understanding with Jerry: no more gathering of the clan whenever a group felt like rummaging through Jerry's wardrobe. After all, a girl's entitled to some privacy in her own home.

It's not quite like it used to be, but Jerry goes right on giving away those \$200 to \$300 suits—some of which he hasn't even worn. Some of the best-dressed laundry men around are to be found in Pacific Palisades. And a WESTERN UNION man might give Jerry a telegram—and wind up with a mohair suit. And that goes for the guys he works with too, the electricians and grips.

Not that it's confined to just suits. Jack Keller, Jerry's long-suffering publicity man, tells this story of a trip they just made across the country: "We were between trains in Chicago, driving down Michigan Boulevard to change depots. We passed SULKA's and Jerry jumped out of the cab. In seven minutes he bought thirty-six cashmere sweaters. I said to him, 'You've got cabinets full of sweaters. What do you need these for?' Jerry said, 'Oh, you know—guys come over to play golf—you gotta give 'em a sweater!'"

Jerry himself? He goes to the studio in a sweater and jeans. The studio furnishes the clothes he wears on the screen!

Jerry can soon be seen in Paramount's ROCK-A-BYE-BABY.



the credit to Sheila and her understanding, willingness, and patience toward him.

While Guy has always been conscious of other people's feelings, for a long time he showed a lack of comprehension that made his behavior awkward and boyish. For instance, he could never sleep late. And once he awakened, he "had to get up and do something." In the process he usually upset the whole household. Indications of what to expect were clear to Sheila on their first Sunday at home after they were married.

As usual, Guy woke up early, shortly after six. Since this was Sunday and he didn't want to disturb her, he tried to get up as quietly as possible. He still made enough noise to make his new bride blink her eyes at him sleepily.

"Now you go ahead and sleep as long as you want to," he said generously to her.

Thirty seconds later he turned on the shower, full blast. She buried her head under the pillow. When he came back into the bedroom, he tapped her shoulder. "Where's my new sport shirt?"

She told him, made another attempt to get some rest. Suddenly she heard swishing noises, which seemed to go right past her bed. Actually they came from the out-

side, where Guy was practicing with his bow and arrows. Ten minutes later she heard the clatter of dishes in the kitchen—and gave up. It was easier to get up and join him.

There was nothing intentional on Guy's part. It simply didn't occur to him that he was keeping his wife awake when she would have preferred to sleep. Once he did, he changed.

The last few weeks before their third child was born, he not only tiptoed out of their bedroom and dressed outside, he wouldn't even have breakfast at home because the commotion might have awakened his wife.

The change that has come over Guy is particularly evident in his work, according to the man best qualified on the subject, George Sherman.

The well-known director is making *The Hard Man*, his second picture with Guy. The first was *Reprisal*, about a year and a half ago. "Guy has become much more self assured," Mr. Sherman says. "He suddenly realized that this business is highly competitive, that he has to dig in. Today he has a conception of what he's supposed to do which he didn't have before."

He referred to two incidents, over a year apart. In *Reprisal* he played a half-breed, ashamed of his Indian blood. In one scene his Indian grandfather comes to visit him—but is turned away by Guy who's afraid the town's people would find out about his background. Only it didn't come out right.

The scene was rehearsed over and over again, and still wasn't convincing. "Basically soft-hearted, Guy couldn't convince himself that any man would do that," Mr. Sherman explained. "And he couldn't exclude his real feelings from his acting."

But today? Well, take that fight scene for his new picture. Guy, who plays a brutal Western marshal—actually a heavy till the very end—had a fight scene with Richard Kane in which he beats him up mercilessly. Ordinarily when a man is defeated, the fight stops. But for extra effect George Sherman wanted Guy to keep on beating him again and again. "A year ago I don't think he could have done it convincingly," the director admitted. "But now—now he's an actor."

Helen Ainsworth, who discovered Guy on the cover of a Navy magazine during World War II and has been his manager-friend-adviser ever since, adds that this maturity is just as evident in his business dealings. Till a few years ago, he would never make a move without first consulting her. "He still listens to my advice, but today he reads and analyzes a script with complete self confidence."

His business manager adds a note of praise for Guy's business sense—which includes handling the details of his own producing company and his real estate developments.

Yet here again, brother Wayne hints that Guy has never been a babe in the woods where business dealings were concerned.

It has always been Guy's dream, and still is, to have a cattle ranch of his own. The closest he could get to it as a boy was to join the F.F.A., *Future Farmers of America*, and raise and exhibit his own cattle—providing he had the money to get started. Since his family was even harder hit by the depression than most in the area, getting the funds from them was out of the question.

One day, Wayne recalls, Guy mysteriously took off from home right after breakfast. He announced that when he got back, he'd have the money to buy the calf he'd been eyeing for a couple of weeks.

His mother looked at him sadly, "I don't want you to be too disappointed if you don't get it, son."

"Why shouldn't I?"

She explained all about collateral, and how bankers didn't loan any money without it, and how he couldn't possibly offer anything but the clothes on his back.

"We'll see," Guy smiled confidently as he took off.

Three hours later he came back in a rattly old truck. The driver climbed out on one side, Guy on the other. Together they got the calf down from the back of the truck.

"I still don't know how he talked the banker into letting him have the money," Wayne admitted. "But he did. He raised the calf to be a prize-winning bull, and paid back every cent, with interest. In fact, he got quite a business going that way."

Like the others, even Wayne could not penetrate Guy's wall of secrecy where his personal problems were concerned. "He would never talk about his difficulties when he and Gail separated. All I could do was guess. I couldn't help because I didn't know where to start or what to say."

What's the biggest change that has come over Guy in recent months—as far as Wayne is concerned? "He can laugh."

You know, now that I think of it, till recently I don't remember many occasions when he actually laughed. He was always so serious. Too serious. I think he's developed a sense of humor!"

Sheila seconds that motion, showing off the purse that Guy had bought her the previous week. On it was embroidered: *You Can't Buy Money With Happiness*. "A year ago," Sheila smiles, "he probably would have given me another bow and arrow, hunting knife or gun and grimly reminded me of the consequences if I didn't know how to handle them properly!"

One thing about Guy that has not changed is his generosity. Wayne already mentioned Guy's help in time of need.

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Everyone else who knows him could add some incident. Including the maid who works for the Madisons.

Her brother is a tailor. One day she mentioned to Guy that he had very little work and needed more orders badly. Most employers might have shrugged it off as somebody else's misfortune. Guy promptly got out his address book and called everyone of his friends to see if they could use a tailor-made suit, or at least needed some alteration. Within three days he got the man as much work as he could handle.

But Andy Devine adds a curious fact: while Guy is generous, he hates to accept thanks.

On his last birthday, Andy's feelings were somewhat hurt because when he arrived on the set, nobody bothered to wish

him anything. Not even Guy—who, Andy figured, should have remembered what date it was.

About eleven, a local columnist invited Andy to lunch at the Hollywood Brown Derby. A little surprised, Andy said, "If it's gossip you're after I don't know any, except what I read in the paper, your column mostly."

The man still insisted on buying his lunch.

No sooner did they arrive at the Brown Derby than Andy was surrounded by sixty of his friends! Guy's idea of a surprise party! It must have cost him a small fortune. Yet he wouldn't let Andy finish the sentence that started—"Guy, I want to than—"

Another time, while shopping at Abercrombie and Fitch in New York, Guy came across a pair of gloves which, he thought, "looked like Andy." He promptly bought them.

"What for?" Andy called out when he opened the package.

"For your birthday," said Guy and walked off.

Andy's birthday was six months away. There's another thing about Guy that hasn't changed: his temper.

He doesn't lose it often, never in public. But when he does!

Once it happened in a mid-western city on a personal appearance tour.

Guy was received at the airport by the sponsor and a local publicist. Both had brought along their kids, and their friends' and relatives' kids as well. It was bedlam.

Guy didn't mind till he got into the waiting car, which was crawling with children who wouldn't leave him alone all the way from the airport to the hotel. He sat tight-lipped, controlled, but tense and irritable. When he got to the hotel he made it known in no uncertain terms that he wouldn't ride in the company car again. And for the rest of his stay he took cabs.

Usually, however, Guy becomes upset only when someone else is involved.

That happened just recently, when his two-year-old daughter Bridget toddled into the playyard chasing a lizard. She reached the woodpile just as a rattler was winding itself around one of the logs. Her screeches brought her mother on the double, and she promptly killed the snake.

But when Sheila told Guy about it, he burst out furiously, "you never should have let her go into the play area alone!"

Sheila tried to point out that even a child of two couldn't possibly be watched all the time. But it took Guy a long time before he could admit that.

Sheila didn't get hurt. She knows his sensitivity where his children are concerned—and is glad about it. And usually acts accordingly! Like she didn't call him back from a hunting trip a few weeks ago when Bridget became ill.

"Why didn't you get in touch with me?" Guy demanded when he returned.

She smiled tiredly. "Could you have done anything except worry?"

Gently he put his arms around her shoulders. "I'm afraid not."

Sheila is probably the only person who ever understood Guy completely—or at least as completely as anybody ever will. And she has adjusted herself accordingly.

For instance, from the day they met she recognized his infatuation with sports—hunting in particular—and accepted it as part of their lives.

She'll never forget her first birthday as Mrs. Guy Madison, when he walked into the living room just before dinner, and ordered her to "close your eyes." Then he stepped closer, "Now stretch out your arms and don't peek."

Visions of a beautiful evening gown or fur cape flashed through her mind. Yet what he placed in her hands was too heavy

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by

Mary Ann Blum, R.N.



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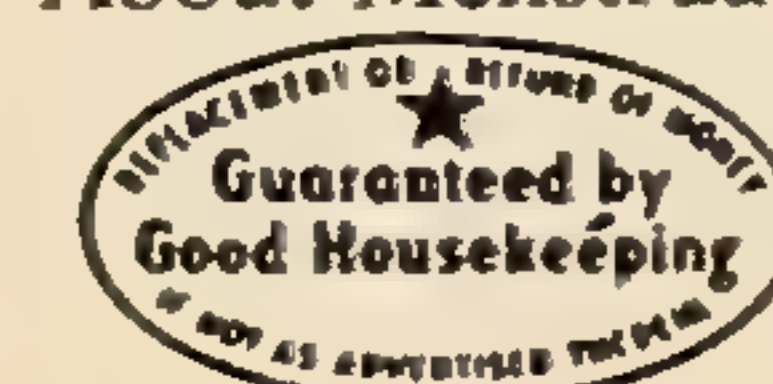
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ERIN wouldn't kiss him for 3 months— but then . . .

■ When seventeen-year-old Erin O'Brien was in high school, the last thing in the world she had in mind was getting married. Not that she wasn't popular—she was. Not that she didn't have her share of crushes—she did. But she was much too busy doing her school work, singing on TV, and helping her Ma take care of all the other kids in the O'Brien family. And helping Ma sure took up a lot of time, for Erin has seven sisters and six brothers, all younger than she is: Vernon, Sheila, Tessy, Michael, Timaree, Kathleen, Eileen, Kevin, Mavourneen, Tighe, Patrice, Sean and Dennis.

So Erin was completely unprepared when handsome Jimmy Fitzgerald walked into her life and into her heart. It was early in October when she hurried from her last morning class at LONG BEACH HIGH SCHOOL to the TV studio where she had a regular show. Before going on the air, she had lunch at the studio and was introduced to Mr. Fitzgerald, a nineteen-year-old singer who was to make a guest appearance on her show that day. By the time they had finished their hamburgers and cokes, they were no longer *Miss O'Brien* and *Mr. Fitzgerald* to each other, but *Erin* and *Jimmy*. And by the time the show was over, he had asked her for a date that evening.

There was a strict law in the O'Brien household, laid down by Erin's Dad, that none of the kids could have dates on week nights. But as luck would have it, this was one of his nights for bowling and he wasn't home. Erin's Ma gave her permission to go out.

So Erin and Jimmy went to a movie and had a great time. When he took her home, he asked if he might kiss her good-night. She said *No*.

But Jimmy was persistent. On their next date he asked again if he might kiss her. Again she said *No*. Undaunted, he asked her another question: Will you marry me? Erin was too stunned to answer and would only shake her head *No*.

A few months went by and Erin and Jimmy went out together two or three times each week. After every date he would bring her home promptly at 11 o'clock, and just before she went into the house he would ask his two questions: Can I kiss you good-night? Will you marry me? And always she said *No*.

One night, in the middle of January, the two youngsters stood at the O'Brien front door. "Can I kiss you good-night?" Jimmy asked. This time Erin didn't say anything. Instead she blushed a deep red and looked down at the ground. Jimmy stepped forward and gently kissed her on the cheek. She raised her head and his lips met hers. A minute or so later Jimmy asked his second question, "Will you marry me?" and Erin answered breathlessly, "Yes." A few weeks later, on February 3rd, in a big church at Paso Robles, Erin O'Brien became Mrs. Jimmy Fitzgerald.

and too cold for either. It was a brand new rifle.

"Just what I needed," she cried out. And she did, because—except when she's pregnant—she goes along on all of Guy's hunting trips.

"Naturally, once in a while I'd like to sleep in a bed instead of a sleeping bag when we go away," she confessed, but admitted she doesn't have the chance very often. And when she does, seldom for long.

Like that time a couple of weeks before I talked to her she suggested to Guy that they go to Palm Springs.

"But there's no hunting!"

"I know."

He thought about it a few seconds, then, "All right."

After three days at the swank Racquet Club he just "had to get away." Sheila knew his patience had reached the limit, and compromised on going home "after we visit the Bill Doziers in the afternoon." Guy agreed.

She tried her best to make the afternoon last as long as possible by staying in the pool till she was shivering! Still, it was an improvement. Three years ago he wouldn't have gone at all!

That Guy has grown more patient was pretty obvious another time not too long ago.

Guy had taken Sheila and John Ericson's wife, Milly, to Lakeside for a game of golf. "Sorry, Mr. Madison," he was told, "You can't play today," he was told, "It's ladies' day."

Guy didn't get annoyed—as he might have a couple of years back. On the contrary, he acted as their caddy all afternoon.

But ask Guy how he thinks he's changed—and he says, "I don't think I have!"

George Sherman says you're much more at ease in this picture than you were in the last one. . . .

"The part's different," he answered. *Sheila and others say you're a lot more patient than you used to be. . . .*

"I don't think so."

Do you feel you lose your temper more often, less often, or as often as you did before. . . .

I would say about as often."

Can you recall a time when you did lose it?

"Sure. Quite often."

Can you give me an example?

"I'm afraid not."

And so it goes till he's called back on the set.

But catch Guy away from official business—interviewing him, that is—at parties, or at his house and he's a different Guy!

Like the time a reporter and his wife drove up to get some ideas for their own place which they were building at the time. Guy took great pleasure and went into much detail on how he designed his own home, helped tremendously with suggestions for the visitors—and talked steadily for over an hour.

And that's something that is different. Quite obviously, Guy has changed in more ways than he's stayed the same. Probably the best reason for it was given by Sheila when she told about coming home from a party one night.

Although Guy had never been reckless, he used to push the speed limit driving from one place to another, and has several citations to prove it. That evening they were poking along at a leisurely thirty-five miles an hour when she commented on the difference in his driving.

Guy thought about it a few seconds, then turned to her with a grin. "I guess I'm not going anywhere now."

What he meant to say was that he is, and has, what he always wanted. He finally got where he wanted to go. . . . **END**

tommy

(Continued from page 30) horseback riding with Yvonne Lime.

Surprised that we know so much about you two? We know a lot more, and we are going to lay it right on the line because that's the only way we can hope to make you see the right way.

Most of all, Tommy, we know what and who is behind your actions, yours and Molly's. We know that you almost got married last Christmas—and why you didn't. And why both of you are now dating others to prove to yourselves and the world that you can get along without one another.

You've been warned by your 'advisors' that marriage at this time would be bad for your career; that your fans would desert you unless you remained single; that they have even resented the constant references to an unofficial engagement between you and Molly.

We are not condemning those who advised you, because we sincerely believe that they did what they thought was in the best interest of your career.

That doesn't mean we agree with them!

And we won't even throw names like Pat Boone at you, who was already married and had a family when he was your age, and who, let's face it, hasn't done so badly for himself.

We are taking a much more personal approach: we feel that the love of two wonderful young people like Molly and you are a heckuva lot more important than any career!

Just look at what's been happening to you these past months—

Remember the day you met Molly? You'd gone to Anaheim to see Cliffie Stone about giving you a chance on his *Home Town Jamboree*. But Cliffie wasn't there.

Just as you were leaving, you met one of his star attractions, Molly Bee.

Right from the start

You confessed to Molly how much you had hoped to get on Cliffie's show, and how disappointed you were that he wasn't there. She was easy to talk to, a patient listener. And what did Molly do? Asked you to sing for the ballroom audience after the television show was over! Impressed by your voice—and by you—the next morning she talked to Cliffie about you so enthusiastically that he promptly asked you to come back. And he gave you the break you needed.

You didn't know that it was Molly who was responsible, did you, Tommy?

She didn't tell you, and she made Cliff promise not to say anything either because it might embarrass you. We wonder if—in spite of your love for her—you have ever really appreciated the things she has done for you.

Look at what happened last New Year's Eve, the most important New Year's Eve in her young life. Because she was now eighteen, for the first time her mother had given her permission to stay out as late as she wanted. She looked forward to the evening like a debutante to her coming-out party or a high school girl going to her first prom.

So what happened? When you met for lunch that noon she noticed that you looked hot and feverish, and were obviously coming down with a bad cold. It was she who suggested you go home and stay in bed that night, who instantly turned down your offers to go out in spite of how you felt. And did you know that she had three phone calls from other fellows who wanted to take her out—and turned them all down because she was afraid you'd be hurt if she spent New Year's Eve with anyone else?

We know you had fights, too. But all young people do, and so do most older ones—including some of our most happily married couples. But you made up easily because your love always proved a stronger bond between you than the few words spoken in anger. Like last summer, when you arrived from New York at six in the morning and were disappointed that Molly was not waiting for you at Los Angeles' Union Station, as you had expected her to be. At first you thought she was late and you impatiently paced the platform, looking at your wristwatch every few seconds. But the minutes turned into hours, and then you finally gave up. As far as you were concerned, you were through with Molly.

Molly tried to explain

And you told her so in no uncertain terms on the phone when you called her. Molly tried to explain that she had worked till three o'clock in the morning, that her mother insisted she get more sleep, that she had left a message for you at the station which apparently you never got.

After you slammed down the receiver you had pangs of conscience. You knew that Molly wasn't the kind of girl who would ignore a promise, whether it was to you, or anyone. And so you drove to Cliffie Stone's Home Town Jamboree to talk to her, and found out from Cliffie that she'd been telling the truth.

Remember how bad you felt? How you could have kicked yourself for what you had done, said, thought? And Molly un-

James Hill, of the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster film company in Hollywood, took wife Rita Hayworth's younger daughter to meet Burt Lancaster's youngsters, Milly and Susanna Lancaster. Hill noticed that the children weren't playing together, and asked for the reason. Billy Lancaster explained: "How can we play make-believe games when this kid, Yasmin, insists that we call her 'Princess?'"

*Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post*

derstood, and you made up. She never mentioned the incident again.... That's the kind of girl she is... the girl you love.

You two have had wonderful times together: the mornings at Malibu beach when you chased her through the waves; the afternoons you went horseback riding through Griffith Park—remember the Sunday when Molly's horse reared back, frightened by a car, and then broke into a wild gallop—with you in hot pursuit? You may easily have saved her life that day when you brought the animal under control in true western style. And there were the drive-in theaters you both liked so much and the snacks at Bob's Big Boy Hamburger place in Glendale.

And have you forgotten that time you took Molly to the beach, the night you gave her the ring?

What the ring meant

You had got the idea a week before, that hot summer day you walked down Fifth Avenue in New York trying to decide what kind of a present to give her. You passed a jewelry shop and in the window you suddenly discovered a ring—two diamond-and-ruby hearts entwined in one another. We are sure that as long as you live you will never forget her expression when you slipped it on her finger that moonlit night on the Santa Monica beach. We don't believe that either of you ever considered it just a friendship ring. You were both dead serious about one another!

You were even more serious last Christmas—when your mind was all but made up to propose. That's when you were



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MAY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in May, your birthstone is the emerald and your flower is the lily of the valley. And here are some of the stars you share it with:

- May 1—**Glenn Ford**
 May 2—**Bing Crosby**
 May 4—**Audrey Hepburn**
 May 5—**Tyrone Power**
 May 6—**Stewart Granger**
 May 7—**Anne Baxter**
 Gary Cooper
 May 8—**Lex Barker**
 May 10—**Fred Astaire**
 May 15—**Anna Marie Alberghetti**
 Joseph Cotten
 James Mason
 May 16—**Henry Fonda**
 May 20—**George Gobel**
 Jimmy Stewart
 May 21—**Raymond Burr**
 Kay Kendall
 Bill Williams
 May 22—**Sir Lawrence Olivier**
 Susan Strasberg
 May 23—**Rosemary Clooney**
 Joan Collins
 James Gleason
 Herbert Marshall
 John Payne
 May 24—**Mai Zetterling**
 May 25—**Steve Cochran**
 Jeanne Crain
 May 26—**Peggy Lee**
 John Wayne
 May 27—**Vincent Price**
 May 28—**Sally Forrest**
 May 30—**Clint Walker**
 May 31—**Elaine Stewart**



Rick Jason

May 21



John Payne

May 23



James Arness

72 May 26



Sally Forrest

May 28

warned that this whole romance had already gone too far. That the announcement of an engagement might spell the end of Tommy Sands, singer. That for your sake—and for Molly's—you should steer away from her, and date other girls. That if you really loved her, a few months, a few years wouldn't matter anyway. That on the contrary, if you felt about her in five years as you do today, you would *really* be sure!

You believed it. And even if Molly didn't, she agreed that both of you could date others.

But there was no enthusiasm in it, for either of you, although Molly made the better show of appearing gay.

With you, we could see it by your obvious lack of romantic interest when you walked down Hollywood Boulevard with Cathy Crosby, who dated you for exactly the same reason you took her out: she is unofficially engaged to a boy but can't make up her mind to marry him, and is trying to readjust herself just as you are. We could tell when you took Judi Meredith to a picnic in Griffith Park—the Judi who

is in love with a boy in New York and tries to kill her loneliness as you do. We've watched you in the company of Connie Stevens, whose publicist is trying to line up dates for her with celebrities like yourself, to get her known. We don't blame the publicist, we don't blame Connie—who was honest with you. But to her you were just another fellow, as she was just another girl to you—with no more between you than a casual liking for one another. We could go all the way down the line to prove our point. . . .

Something special

With none of them did you ever find the close, honest, rewarding thing you had with Molly . . . love.

That is what every man wants in a girl, and few are fortunate enough to find. That is what we don't want to see you lose through outside pressures, and fears. That is why we urge you to weigh carefully—before it's too late!—how much more you will lose than you stand to gain if you continue on the path you seem to have chosen for yourself.

END

I said yes on our first date

(Continued from page 45) She says 'Yes' because Debra is convinced that "You can go for ten years with a man, and not until after you marry him find he's all wrong for you!"

"I have to go by instinct. I believed it right to marry David. I didn't have to go with him for years. I'm in love with David. I know it."

"Besides, when people go together they put their best foot forward—so how can a girl really learn to know a man through dating?"

Another first-date marriage

"My parents decided to marry each other on their first date, too, and they've been married for thirty-three years!"

Her mother says, "I hope this marriage lasts as mine has. Debra didn't have to date the field. In her work she has met a variety of men, and so she knows as much about men as other girls who have dated a lot. David is a fine boy."

Debra says, "Maybe some people think we were crazy to marry on such short notice. I'd think I was crazy if I didn't marry David. I didn't have to shop around to know my own mind. I think this romance was right for us, and that this marriage will be right, too."

Not every one is that optimistic about it: she married a man who made Debra his fifth wife. Can a man who has already failed at marriage four times really be the right husband for such a bride?

And even the first days of their life together were spoiled by his life in the past. While Debra and David were honeymooning in northern California, two of his ex-wives were conferring with their lawyers. His first wife, Mary F. Payne, was complaining because he had fallen \$4,845 behind in child support payments, and his fourth wife, Sharon Lee, was suing him for \$3,000 she claimed she had lent David.

It was a difficult situation for love's young dream.

Mama approves

While Debra was on her honeymoon, her mother, Mrs. Margaret Griffin, told how David and Debra met. "I've known David for a long time," she said. "He used to come to our house casually, and neither he nor Debra paid any attention to each other."

And when her mother said "casually"—that's just what she meant. David hadn't

even been coming around to see Debra particularly!

About ten years ago, David had come backstage at the theatre where Debra's mother was doing a vaudeville turn—"Bubbles" was her stage name," David grins today. Every couple of years, they'd run into each other, and Debra's mother remembered him, remembered how sweet he had been to take the trouble to come and tell an unknown that he, for one, thought her act was good.

Recently, when Debra was doing her act at Las Vegas' Flamingo, David was singing at the El Cortez, also in Las Vegas.

One night Mrs. Griffin said to Debra, after her show, "Let's go to the El Cortez to hear David sing."

A whole group sat at the same table and watched David's act. Afterwards he came to their table, but no sparks flew. Except maybe the spark of affection Mrs. Griffin felt that prompted her to say, "When you get back to Hollywood, David, drop over some Sunday. We hold open house."

So he did; a couple of times.

No sparks flew.

In fact, no sparks ever flew between them till one night recently when he dropped in, still just a family friend, and emerged as Debra's groom-to-be.

They had sat on the sofa watching a tv show. Mysteriously, in the manner of young people all over the world, they were drawn to each other. All of a sudden Debra knew that David was her man, and he knew this was the girl he wanted to marry.

A simple proposal

"Will you marry me?" he asked, simply as that.

She turned and looked at the boyish-faced man, who until that moment had been just a casual visitor at their home.

Her heart pounded. Her cheeks flushed. She no longer heard the announcer spilling his commercial message. What she heard—though David wasn't singing—was an immortal song of love. To such a song, when it reaches right into a girl's heart—a melody without words—there is only one reply. Debra made it.

And so they were married, in Debra's fantastic family home. Debra has her own apartment within that home—a playroom, kitchenette, boudoir and a dressing room with a marble bath. It has its own private entrance. She and David will live there when they're together. For there are times when they will necessarily be separated by their careers. Debra has no intention of

giving up hers. Right now she is planning a trip to Mexico, for *From the Earth to the Moon*. David is in New York for a tv show. They will go wherever their careers pull them.

Is this a perfect marriage or a terrible example of a young girl's mistake?

But there's no denying that all her life Debra has been preparing herself for just such an impulsive marriage as this.

When she was fifteen she was a movie star with independence, a mink coat and a chance to play passionate love scenes with stars like Jimmy Stewart. When their film, *Broken Arrow*, was finished, her mother asked Jimmy, "Would you be surprised to learn that your leading lady is only fifteen?"

"Impossible!" said Jimmy. "No girl of fifteen could play love scenes this passionately."

Though Debra's love scenes on the screen practically set the film world on fire, off the screen there were no kisses, no passionate love making, no love making of any kind.

And not because there weren't plenty of men who were eager to date and woo Debra.

One theory around Hollywood was that her mother objected to her dating.

"That's nonsense," Debra laughs. "I don't date for just one reason: I don't want to date. Why should I waste my time with a lot of young men who mean nothing to me? When I meet the right man I'll know him. Till then, my career means everything to me."

"And I have enough fun with my family."

Only once in a blue moon did Debra break her dateless state of existence. Once, at the insistence of her studio, she went out on a publicity date with a young actor named Bob Arthur. The magazines and newspapers printed so many shots of them together that she was embarrassed.

"No more dates for publicity purposes or otherwise," she decided.

The great love

Then things changed. Debra was twenty-one. And she was madly in love. There was a diamond ring on her finger, and a sparkle in her eyes greater than the light of any diamond.

She wouldn't say who the man was but she admitted, "I'm no longer dateless. I have been kissed thoroughly and delightfully off screen as well as on. I have found the right man, and have fallen deeply and genuinely in love. He is wonderful and everything I have hoped for."

The man she loved was wealthy, older than Debra, and publicity-shy.

When newspapermen besieged Debra and her mother for the details of their romance, her mother fiercely defended Debra's right to keep the name of the man she loved a secret. "He doesn't like publicity," she said. "Please don't print anything about this romance, or it might end and you'll leave Debra without a life-raft."

But it turned out that besides hating publicity, the man Debra loved was marriage-shy. Debra, who had believed that love and marriage went together like the proverbial horse and carriage, was heart-broken.

She lost her man and went back to her dateless existence.

She was surrounded by all the trappings of glamor, and by none of its realities.

She drove around town in a pink Cadillac covered with hundreds of dollars worth of fake jewels. The car glittered and so did Debra.

At home, she lived in splendor of a strange sort. The home, with its twenty-two rooms, is one of the largest and most bizarre in Beverly Hills, but actually she lived like a home girl with her mother

and father, her brother, Russell Shane, a young sister, a married sister and her husband and two children, and two dogs, a Siamese kitten, parakeets and even a chimpanzee.

Debra's philosophy

"I'm too busy for love," she told friends. "I'll marry when I find a man I'm truly in love with and not marry just for marriage's sake. The same thing goes for dating. I refuse to go places with a man just to go places."

If her laughter was a little shriller than before, her voice artificially gayer, her work far more frenzied, who was to know it but Debra and her mother?

Who was to say that Debra wasn't the happiest, luckiest girl in Hollywood? If she was carrying a flaming torch, no one saw it; she just laughed a little harder, and put more jewels on her Cadillac.

A child she wasn't. She proved it when she went to Las Vegas and wore such gasp-provoking gowns that the town began to wonder at this new Debra who was out-doing even Marlene Dietrich in glamor and daring.

"Why haven't you married?" they asked her. And Debra just smiled slowly. "Why, I haven't found the right man. I'm not in a hurry."

Then David dropped in—and they felt, only two hours later, that they were in love. How explain Debra's conviction that she was madly in love after only one date

In Look Homeward, Angel, Anthony Perkins occupies the same upstairs, unpainted dressing room he had when he last appeared on Broadway in Tea and Sympathy. In the intervening two and a half years Perkins starred in films costing over \$18,000,000.

*Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post*

—so madly in love that she decided to marry him?

"How does anyone know?" Debra's mother answers. "Perhaps it's just a matter of chemistry."

Good luck, Debra

But is chemistry enough? Does the hot leaping of a young girl's blood at the sight of the man she thinks right for her prove that he is right for her? Is the answer of the instincts enough for today's teenagers? Or did Debra fall into the deadliest trap of all—mistaking infatuation for love because she has dated so little that the sound of her own heart pounding seemed proof enough that she was in love.

Perhaps, by happy accident, Debra, in one thrill-filled evening, felt a love that passes all understanding—a love that can survive everything—separation, different careers, competition and a long history of previous marriages on the part of the groom.

It would be wonderful if this marriage overcame all obstacles. It would also be a miracle.

David Street himself seems bewildered by the situation. "Debra is the most wonderful girl I've ever known," he says. "My last marriage failed because it was too impulsive."

To objective observers, it might seem that this marriage is also more than a mite impulsive.

Debra has been ready for love for a long time. Once she was denied the right to marry the man she loved, for his love was not great enough for marriage.

This time, the wedding ring is on her finger, her heart is aglow with fervent feeling, and her head is in the clouds. And perhaps this time it is enough to create a lasting happiness.

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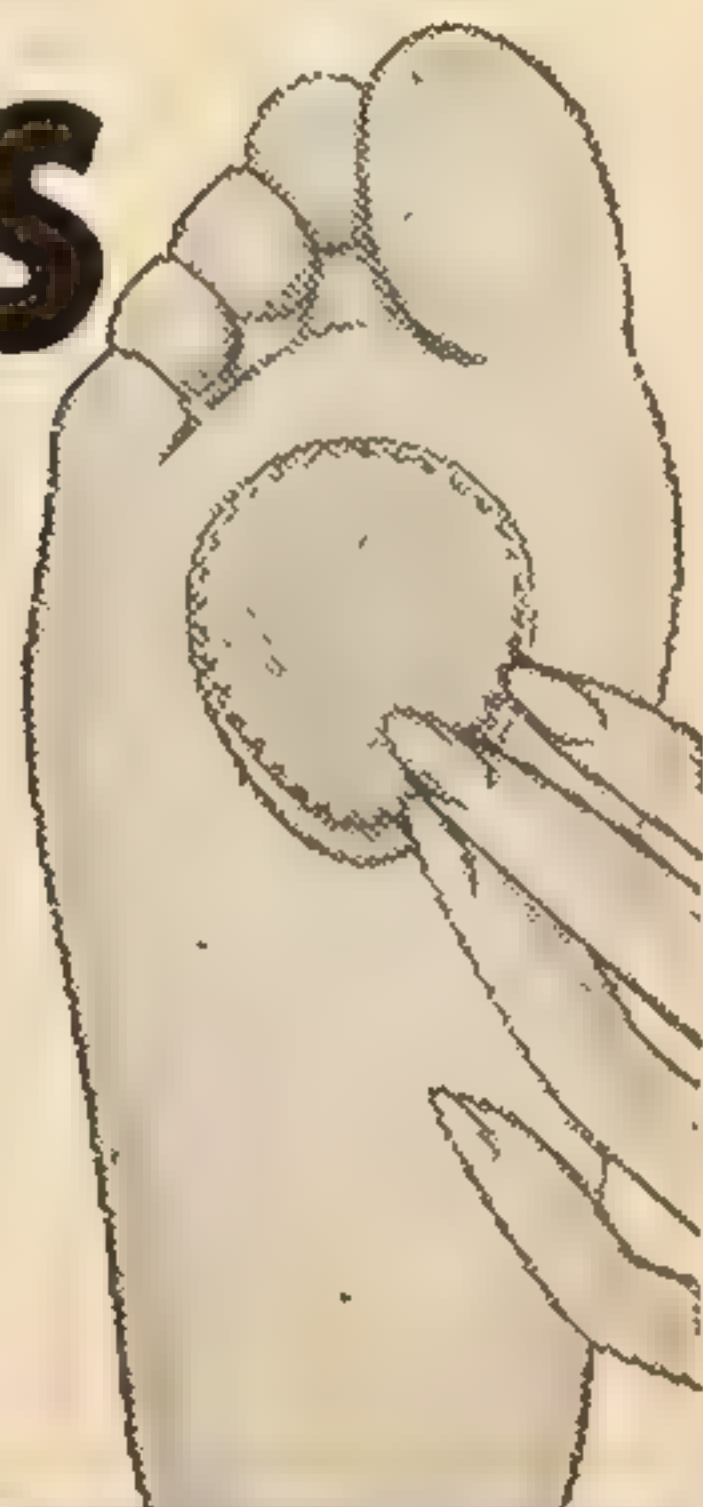
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AN ENLIGHTENING INTERVIEW

■ Arthur O'Connell, the dashing, fortyish, supporting actor you've seen most recently in *Picnic* and *Bus Stop*, stopped off in New York for just one day. He was on his way to Kentucky, where he was to work in *April Love*, his new picture with Pat Boone, and he was in New York—to get his hair whitened!

We found him plunked in a Fifth Avenue beauty salon under a drier and looking about as miserable as a man can look.

Nevertheless, we began shouting questions, but naturally he had a great deal of difficulty hearing us. The questions and answers went something like this:

Q How do you like the script of your new picture?

A *I've never undergone this sort of treatment before.*

Q I see that you worked with Pat Boone in *April Love*.

A *They put this doggone thing on with their fingers, not a spoon.*

Q You're a good friend of Kim Novak. Has she 'gone Hollywood'?

A *No, Kim's in New York for a few days.*

Q Are you serious about any one girl?

A *Of course I'm not delirious! The studio ordered me to sit under this contraption!*

Q You and Ernie Kovacs have worked together a lot. What kind of a guy is Ern?

A *I'd better not burn. I'll have my studio sue this blasted establishment!*

Q Did any gal ever steal your heart?

A *Yes, in the new film, I'm to play a wonderful part.*

Q. Is Marlene Dietrich a has been?

A *What's that you say about sin?*

Q Can you give us a little thumbnail sketch of your friend, Marilyn Monroe?

A *Nails? I'm having a manicure soon.*

Q Which of your many supporting roles have you enjoyed doing the most?

A *Toast? I'll be as burnt as toast soon.*

Q Do you think you'll get out of there alive?

A *It's five? I've got a date at five. Help, get me out of here. Operator! . . . Help!*

two ladies in the tub

(Continued from page 39) welcome-home smile. She always hears our car come up the driveway and comes rushing out of her room, and she makes it very clear to us that there's to be no dilly-dallying downstairs, that we've got to go right up and get and give our kiss and hug.

So up I ran and we hugged and kissed and then we played a few minutes of 'Mine!' This is a game that had started a few weeks earlier when I'd given Kelly two pretzels—she loves 'em—and told her one was for her and the other was for her daddy. She'd promptly eaten hers, and then had started to munch on the other when Tony walked in and said, "Hey, that's mine!" He pretended to try to take it away from Kelly, but she'd have none of this. "No," she began to squeal and laugh and run around the room, all at the same time, "this mine . . . mine . . . mine!" This had since become a favorite game, for Kelly to take hold of anything, call it hers and go racing around the place—and on this particular night I'm telling about now she'd decided it would be a little pillow from her crib.

When, after our miniature marathon, I managed to get hold of the pillow—or, I should say, tap it—and the game breathlessly ended, I picked my daughter up and took her to her room and we proceeded to get ready for the big event of the day, Kelly's bath.

Actually I should say 'bawth,' because that's the way Kelly says it. When Tony and I were in Europe last year shooting *The Vikings* with Kirk Douglas and Ernie Borgnine, we got an English nurse for Kelly. She was a lovely woman with a most lovely accent and the two words she said more than any others must have been 'dahnce' and 'bawth.' Because our little California-born Kelly, with a daddy from the Bronx and a mother from the heart of California, gets very uppity-sounding when it comes to dancing or bathing—sounds, in fact, like a little debutante from Mayfair as we prepare for either of these events.

Kelly's idea

Anyway, preparations got under way on this night for her say-it-how-you-will, and it all began regularly enough with Kelly undressing herself, a process in which I help by unbuttoning her dress and unlacing her shoes and pulling her little socks off halfway.

But then, after helping her put on her robe and giving her her towel and soap, and saying the time-honored phrase, "And now we go to Kelly's bathinette and see the water"—suddenly something happened.

"No," I heard this little voice from down below whisper up at me.

"No bath?" I asked, looking down.

Kelly smiled. "Yes—bawth," she said. "But—with—you."

I looked over at the bathinette and laughed. "How could I fit . . ." I'd started to say.

But Kelly didn't need any slide rule-talk from her mother, that's for sure. Because she'd already let go of my hand and run to the door leading to my bathroom. She pointed to the tub. "Here," she said, "we—take—bawth—here."

I could see how excited she was about the prospect of us bathing together and I thought it was a fine idea—an idea, by the way, that Tony later picked up with Kelly and who, on his early days off, now rushes home so that he can be in the tub with her first and have all the fun.

So I said "All right," turned on the water, got undressed too and in we both went.

We had a ball, my baby and me. I remember how first I turned her on her tummy and swished her back and forth for a while. For some reason she's afraid when water splashes on her face and so, to rid her of this fear, I'd manage to get just a little sprayed on, kind of accidentally-on-purpose, and then laugh as though this were real fun and hope she'd laugh, too. Fortunately, she did.

Then I remember how we played with her rubber dolly for a while—which made for three of us in the tub now—and this with the inevitable question-and-answer period that goes something like this:

"Show Mommy where the dolly's eyes are."

"Here."

"And her nose?"

"Here."

"And her mouth?"

"Here."

"And her tummy?"

"Here."

"And now where's Kelly's tummy?"

"Here!!"—the last accompanied by much tickling and splashing and a few more unnoticed sprays of water in the face.

A good game

Then it was cup-time, Kelly asking me by pointing if I wouldn't be so kind as to please reach for one of Tony's empty shaving mugs on the sink nearby so we could fill it, pour, fill it, pour. I got the cup and told Kelly that we could fill it, pour, all she wanted—as long as she didn't ever pour anything on the floor. Kelly agreed and, great as the temptation was, kept her word.

And then, I remember, we were in the midst of nursery-rhyme-time—*Here We Go 'Round The Mulberry Bush* and *Rain, Rain Go Away* are her water favorites—when suddenly she heard Tony's car pull up the driveway and the shaving mug and the dolly and the games were forgotten and, in their place, came a round of laughing shrieks for "Daddy . . . Daddy . . . Daddy!"

Daddy was upstairs in a matter of minutes, and when he saw the two of us in the tub he said, "Hey!"—just one word. "Hey!"—and he turned around and rushed out.

I knew what that "Hey!" meant and I called out, "Tony—Tony, you leave that camera where it is!"

He was back in a second, camera in hand, ready to snap.

"Tony," I said, "what are you going to do?"

"I want a picture of the baby in the tub," he said, winking.

"But there's a big girl in the tub, too," I said.

"Aw, Janny," Tony said.

Tony won't take no for an answer

I know what a charge Tony gets out of taking pictures of us all the time and how excited he was about this new pose. I gave one more try, though. "Tony," I said, "my hair's pinned up and I look . . ." But halfway through he winked again and my words melted in my mouth and I sat Kelly up and I said, "Come on, Baby, Daddy's going to take our picture."

For about ten minutes Tony snapped away, playing director all the while.

"All right, Kelly-honey," he'd say, "now give me the mean look."

And Kelly would pucker her little lips and growl her little girl's growl.

"Now the surprised look," Tony would say.

And pop, the blue eyes would open.

"Now the Phil Silvers look," Tony would then say.

And now would come the big grin on her face and the attempt to say "Gladda—see—ya."

And so this went on and on, until finally bath-time was over and Tony lifted Kelly out and dried and powdered her and put on her clean panties and pj's while Mommy, after quickly taking care of herself, went downstairs to see if Kelly's dinner was ready.

Dinner, as usual, was preceded by our nightly tour of the kitchen. Kelly is fascinated by the garbage disposal unit, so this is always Stop 1. Then Tony lifts her and holds her near the stove and Kelly stares in awe at the pots and seriously informs one and all that they're "hot... hot." My job next is to provide the great treat of the tour. That is, I open the refrigerator door for a moment and Kelly sticks her head in and laughingly informs us that *this* is "cold... cold."

Then it was dinner-time—followed by play-time, an hour in which we run races in the den, sit and watch the people on the television set for a little while, and play with Merci, our tiny toy poodle. For a while, Merci was scared to death of Kelly. After all, a baby doesn't exactly know the meaning of gentleness and I guess when Kelly tried to play with her Merci would think *this is the end*. But one night recently, a few nights before these pictures were taken in fact, Kelly was sitting on the rug eating one of her pretzels when a little piece fell beside her and I guess Merci figured this was for her, that Kelly was making a present of it—and ever since then she follows the baby around everywhere and they've been the best of friends.

How we say good-night

Then, play-time over with and the yawns beginning to take the place of smiles, we brought Kelly up to her room, sat her on her potty for a while, and then tucked her in her crib. I say "we" brought her up, but honestly I forget—because some nights

Tony gets involved in something and says he'll be up in a few minutes.

At any rate, if it was one of those nights, you can be sure that as soon as I got Kelly into her crib she pointed to the inter-com on the wall and then phoned down her usual message:

A special candle

"Daddy? Hi. I ready. Hurry. Bye-bye."

At which point Tony came zooming up, Kelly kissed us good night and we all looked up at the ceiling and blew out the lights. Then, as a special extra, Tony lit a Christmas candle we keep on Kelly's dresser and let her blow it out—all by herself. The candle has no special significance. We thought it would be cute to do one night and the baby got such a kick out of it that we do it all the time now. Later on, she'll have her prayer to say.

Then, on this particular night as on all nights, it was 'Nighty-nighty' and 'Sleep tight' and we left the room.

I guess you expect this little story to end here, with the baby on her way to sleep upstairs and with both of us going back downstairs now, to sit back and read or relax with tv or something.

Well, it doesn't.

I started down, and I'd thought Tony was behind me. But suddenly I had the strange—and, as it turned out, very accurate feeling—that I was completely alone.

I wondered for a moment.

And then I knew.

Tony was already in his dark-room, starting to develop these pictures you see of his baby and her mommy—taking their first 'bawth' together. **END**

Janet and Tony will appear together in United Artists' THE VIKINGS and U-I's THE PERFECT FURLOUGH. Tony will be in United Artists' KINGS GO FORTH. Janet is in U-I's JET PILOT and TOUCH OF EVIL.

happy 25th wedding anniversary, perry and roselle

(Continued from page 21) towels to the soot-laden faces of the coal miners of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. He liked it well enough. A good respectable trade. But evenings—evenings were his own. Evenings he left the steamy shop, fled the sizzling streets. A friend of his had a dump truck—a glorious possession. When the sun went down and dinner was over, he would honk the horn in front of the Como house until Perry came out.

"Where to?" Perry asked one evening. The friend leaned out the cab window. "Weenie roast. Got your guitar?"

Perry nodded and they were off. Stuffed with good Italian spaghetti, it never occurred to them to be too full for frankfurters and rolls, sauerkraut and pickles. Half an hour later, the truck jammed with high school kids, they turned off into the woods and made camp by a creek. There they were joined by other kids from other high schools, from neighboring towns. They built a fire, left it to swim, and then returned to it to dry off and toast their food. There were all kinds of kids in the crowd. There were the shy, love-struck ones who sat in the shadows, hand in hand. There were the ones who were the life of the party, howling with good humor, thrusting franks into the flames and charring them.

And a girl named Roselle Bellini who laughed and chattered and was never very far from the center of things—and who always, somehow, was the one to rescue the weenies just in time, and take into her own capable hands the rest of the cooking. Without, mind you, ceasing for one second to laugh and chatter.

And a little way away, at the edge of the circle, there was Perry, his dark hair falling over his forehead, strumming his guitar and singing. One by one, the kids would wander over to him, to stretch out on the grass and listen, and sing, and listen. One of the last to leave the gait by the fire was Roselle—sparkling, brimming with life. But in the long, lazy evenings, it began to strike Perry that the group around him had an unfinished feeling until Roselle ambled over too, and lowered her laughing eyes, and fell silent.

Portrait of Perry as a young man

It would have surprised the good folk of Canonsburg to know that 'that nice, quiet Como boy' considered himself something of a hell-cat at the age of fifteen. But it wouldn't have surprised them at all to learn that from his place in the shadows he watched Roselle Bellini and thought about her and began to fall in love with her weeks and weeks before he got the courage to ask her out.

After that, there's nothing to tell them that could be a surprise to the neighbors—because they saw it all. They sat on their front porches and nodded benignly when the Bellini girl and the Como boy strolled by, her hand on his arm, on their way to the center of town where Roselle would draw out her weekly half-dozen books from the lending library, and Perry would pore intently over sheet music for guitar and voice.

And the neighbors happily would peer through lace curtains when the ever-useful dump truck roared down the quiet street where the Bellinis lived, and cock

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HOW ROBERT TAYLOR PROPOSED

■ It was only a couple of years back . . . Robert Taylor had seen enough of night-clubs; he was ready for a home-cooked meal. Ursula adored having him over for dinner—and cooking for him. At forty, Bob Taylor had been a big star long enough to see his name dragged through enough newspapers. He wanted privacy. Ursula gave him that too. Even though she could have boosted her own stock as a rising actress by giving interviews about herself and Bob, she turned the press from her door and would say only that—“We are friends.”

At forty, and forty-one, and forty-two, Bob Taylor enjoyed the wonders of Ursula Thiess, and glowed with knowing that his mother loved her too.

“She’s a lady,” his mother said of her—publicly, “a lady who’s been brought up to make a husband happy, who knows how to mend and garden and have babies.”

But at forty-two, a man who’s had one marriage fail isn’t anxious to leap back into wedlock. He needs a nudge. Ursula gave him that nudge after he came back from Africa, where he had made *Valley of Kings*.

When Bob came home, practically the first thing he did was telephone Ursula—would she have dinner with him that evening?

But at the restaurant, sitting across from her, Taylor’s courage left him. He had come home with his mind made up, but now he couldn’t think of the words for saying it to her, how much he loved her and wanted her to share his life with him. And then the smile faded from his face.

It was then that a newspaper reporter walked up to their table. “Miss Thiess,” he said, “are you going to marry Mr. Taylor?”

Ursula did not answer.

But suddenly Bob smiled. He reached across the table and took her hand in his. “Let’s put a stop to all these questions about whether you’re going to marry me or not,” he said. “Let me tell them you *will* marry me.”

Ursula laughed. “All right,” she said, “you may tell them yes. But only if you ask me first,” she added.

And then Bob asked her to marry him.

Bob’s in MGM’s *SADDLE THE WIND*, and soon he’ll appear in MGM’s *THE LAW*

their ears to hear the sound of a little boy, Dee Bellini, racing upstairs to shout: “Roselle! Roselle! Your fella’s here again!” And they would joke, seeing the two of them together—Perry so quiet and slow-moving even then, Roselle so bubbly, her lips never still—they would say: “She’s the one with the barber’s temperament!” And, “I do declare—it is amazing the way opposites attract!”

Amazing—yes. But to Roselle and Perry, at fifteen, it was the most natural thing in the world. They discovered in each other a wealth of riches that neither possessed alone. To Perry, Roselle was a princess out of a fairy tale—a princess in bobbed hair and middy blouse—utterly charming, utterly gay, drawing him out of himself, awakening his sense of humor, making him laugh, making him sing. And to Roselle, accustomed to the cheerful racket of a big house full of five children, there was a depth of peace and contentment in being with Perry that she had never known before. He made her a little less frantic, gave her time to look at herself, to think about life and what she wanted from it. To channel her tremendous energies and point them in one direction. A direction marked: *Perry Como—this way*.

They knew very soon that they were in love.

Love in a small town

What happens to a boy and a girl in a little Pennsylvania town when they fall in love? Well, mostly they wait till they get out of high school, and then, if the

Charles Lederer, who wrote and is directing James Cagney’s starrer, *Never Steal Anything Small*, says double duty has its disadvantages. “I’ve sacrificed a director’s greatest alibi,” Lederer points out. “When a scene doesn’t play well, I can’t say: ‘Those lousy writers are killing me.’”

*Sidney Skolsky
in the N. Y. Post*

boy has a trade, they get married and settle down. And surely no one ever had a better chance than Perry and Roselle to do just that. In their last year in high, Perry worked after school in the barber shop, earning pocket money, perfecting his skills. Roselle would wait for him until closing time. Then the evenings were theirs to spend together. By the next year, seventeen years old and out of school, Perry was an incredible, unbelievable success. He had a shop of his own now, and the miners poured into it as if it were a saloon instead. The neighbors had been right—the Como boy wasn’t as talkative as folks expect a barber to be. But they had forgotten his other talents—and the fertile imagination of the Bellini girl.

Perry Como was the only singing, guitar-playing barber in Canonsburg—and possibly in Pennsylvania!

His take-home no longer amounted to pocket-money. It came to a hundred, a hundred and a quarter a week. Big, big money in 1929. Enough to remove any financial burden from his parents’ backs. Enough to treat Roselle to steak instead of hot dogs, take her dancing instead of swimming. Enough so that when the Depression hit, devastating Canonsburg as it did the whole country, there was a backlog to carry the Comos through. A profitable business, indeed.

So why weren’t they married? 1929 came and went, 1930, ’31, ’32. Pennsylvania got back on its feet. Roselle was no longer needed to help at home. Everything was perfect—except for one thing. Roselle, patiently getting Perry’s dinner in his

mother’s kitchen and then watching it get cold on the table because Perry was late again, wasn’t sure that this was the life for either of them.

Too much work

When Perry hired first one and then another assistant, she regarded it less as a sign of prosperity than of his being over-worked. No amount of big money could make up for the tired rings under Perry’s eyes. This new life had everything—except fun. Except the satisfaction a woman feels knowing that her guy is doing what he loves to do, what is right for him. And what was right for Perry? Who knew?

Ask Dee Bellini, Roselle’s little brother, now grown-up and an important member of the Como Enterprises, and he’ll tell you—“Perry? Why, I wouldn’t say it was a case of Perry’s being worried about becoming a professional singer. It was more—he didn’t know if he *was* a singer!”

Turn to the official biographies, and you are told that Perry’s friends urged him to audition for the Freddy Carlone band on a vacation in Cleveland. That as a joke, Perry did it. That in the same light-hearted spirit he gave up, having won the audition, \$125 a week at home for \$28 a week and a future of one-night stands. But read between the lines. A young man in love, wanting to get married, makes that kind of break for only one reason: his girl wants him to, his girl knows that deep down he wants to do it. That was spring, 1933, when Perry left with the band. In July Roselle took a bus to Cleveland to spend a day with him.

There, she looked for herself at what Perry had described with such worry: the sort of barren, cheap hotels he lived in now, the bus he traveled in with the band, the meagre amount of groceries that \$28 would buy. And there, the girl who had turned down comfort and tranquility at home with the joyful knowledge that *this* was right, *this* was fun—there she married her guy.

The next day they went back to Canonsburg. While Roselle went home to tell her folks and pack a bag, Perry went to his house.

Look, Ma

“I walked into the kitchen, and I said, ‘Ma, I’ve got something to tell you.’ And she took one look at me and said, ‘You don’t have to tell me anything. I know. You got married.’ Happy? I guess next to Roselle and me, she was the happiest person in the world. Why not? Roselle was like a daughter to her.”

With rice tumbling out of their hair, they rejoined the band. And for three years the Bellini gaiety, the Bellini laughter brightened buses and cheap hotels and hamburger dinners, while Perry built up a name in the Cleveland area. And then one night in 1936, he came home with news. The Ted Weems band wanted him—at a stupendous \$50 a week. It was a bigger band, a bigger chance. But—if life had been rugged with the Carlone band, it would be a hundred times more so with Weems. Weems played the whole country.

“How wonderful!” said Roselle, starting to pack . . . packing for the next seven years.

“And in all that time,” people asked Perry, “didn’t she ever complain, ever want to quit?” Perry would roar with laughter. “Roselle—complain? Listen, you don’t know my wife. I mean—this is a *woman*. She doesn’t let you know every little thing that goes on through her mind—she laughs. She enjoys. No, she doesn’t complain. I was the one who worried.”

The Weems band was in Chicago when their first child, Ronnie, was born. That

was 1940—seventeen years ago. Most girls in 1940 didn't have babies one day and spring out of bed to care for them the next. Usually, their folks were there to help out for a while, to be at the hospital, to take over the housework. But Canonsburg, Pennsylvania was a long way from Chicago in 1940. Roselle had her baby without benefit of family—and spent her time telling a frantic Perry that it was “all right, honey,” while he agonized.

We didn't worry . . .

And when, three months later, the Bellinis were finally able to get together the time and the requirements for a good-sized trip to see their new relative—everything was fine. The long engagement in Chicago had given the Comos what was almost a home—an apartment with a baby in it. Looking back now, Dee Bellini says, “Sure it was rough some of the time. They didn't have everything by a long shot. But Perry—he was singing. And Roselle was always an adventurous girl. We didn't go away worried from our visit to them. They were having a ball.”

They didn't know what was to come. They might have worried if they had. For Ronnie was scarcely six months old when the next big break came along. The Weems band was to play New York—the Strand Theatre. And on the same bill was Ann Sheridan, The Oomph Girl. This was big-time—the biggest. This was the time for Perry Como to be heard in New York. And he came home to the apartment and looked around at the clutter of baby things, the bassinette, the crib, the drying diapers—and shook his head, telling Roselle about it.

Red Buttons—gray now—dyes his hair red for TV! . . .

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

“We can't take a baby in a bus. . . .”

Roselle studied him for a moment. “Well,” she said slowly, “I suppose Ronnie and I could stay here—”

Perry's head jerked up. They had known each other for thirteen years, been married for seven. And they had been together for all of them. “Are you nuts?” said Perry. “No soap. I'd rather not go.”

It was the answer Roselle had been wanting. Having gotten it, she discarded it and settled down to business. She took out a piece of paper. “Listen, honey, I have an idea. . . .”

The next day Perry bought a car. He and Roselle ripped out the back seat. Long before Nash thought of it, the Como's had the first auto in the country with a bed in the back. And on that bed, tucked in securely, safe from bumps, cooing cheerfully, Ronnie Como rode to New York with his parents. And from New York to the midwest, and back to Chicago, and to California and Texas. Perry drove, and Ronnie gurgled, and Roselle heated his bottles on the hood over the boiling engine. They crossed the desert, and Roselle piled ice into insulated bags and air-conditioned the car for her husband and baby. And in every big city in the country, Ronnie Como was pronounced by doctors: thriving, growing, happy.

What a little boy needs

You won't get Perry Como to talk about what finally called a halt to the ball. Maybe it was because in 1942 Ronnie was two years old, and a two-year-old boy doesn't need a bed even though it's a comfortable one that's rigged up for him in the back of a car—he needs a yard to

run in, friends to play with, a house in which to put down roots. Maybe it was because the Ted Weems band was breaking up, and a married man with a family needed security. Or maybe it was simply because one day he caught Roselle looking at a copy of House and Garden—and for once, her eyes weren't laughing. It doesn't really matter what it was. Whatever the reason was, in 1942 Perry Como started looking for another barber shop to buy in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania so he could give his wife and child what they had not had, what for love of him they had never asked for—a home. And while he was dickering over terms for a likely-looking location, while he was practicing his shaving stroke and trying to remember what it felt like not to sing—the miracle happened. CBS radio wanted him for a sustaining show at \$100 a week, and RCA Victor wanted him to make records. It meant that they could live in New York, rent a house, put down roots—and it meant that Perry could sing. It meant that luck was with them, that miracles still happen—or maybe it meant that the world is not entirely topsy-turvy after all, and nice people do sometimes come out on top.

It has been quite a few years since Roselle Bellini Como has had to darn socks on a bus or heat baby bottles on a car motor. Ronnie, the well-traveled infant, is away from home again now—in Notre Dame. Roselle and Perry have two other children, David and Terry, but they are growing up, not in hotel rooms but in a beautiful home in Long Island—a home to make up for all the years of homelessness. And every night a good-looking, exceedingly rich, exceedingly popular forty-ish man comes home to her there.

Perry sums it up

Ask Perry Como what Roselle means to him after twenty-five years of marriage. And in this, his twenty-fifth year as her husband, he will tell you, “Oh—I can't give you an answer, just like that. There are lots of things. Like—she takes care of me. Of everything. I leave in the morning and I know when I come home at night—things will be the same—good, quiet—the way we like them. She does that. She can do everything—the marketing and the cooking and bringing up the kids—and do it well.

“And when I come home—well, after twenty-five years, we don't tell each other every tiny thing. She doesn't tell me how many times David didn't come when she called, and I don't necessarily tell her which camera loused up which scene today. But—we're together. We sit and talk or we watch television—it's good to sit quietly with someone you love, to be together. What can I tell you about her? She's a strict mother. She says no, and the kids know it's no. But loving—well, Ronnie's away in college now, you know. And he wrote home he caught cold. Well—my wife practically ate her heart out over it. Who's going to give him his aspirin? Who's going to see he covers up his throat? I mean, what can I tell you about a woman like that? I'll tell you this—she's there. That's it about Roselle. She's always, always there.”

And always, always will be. For this is a woman who doesn't need what she doesn't have to keep a man—even a famous man, to make a marriage last for twenty-five years. A woman who gives abundantly of two things: love, and herself.

We said at the beginning this was just a simple love story. That's all it is. And as such, it gets a simple ending, but in this case an ending as true as true can be. . . .

And so they lived happily ever after.

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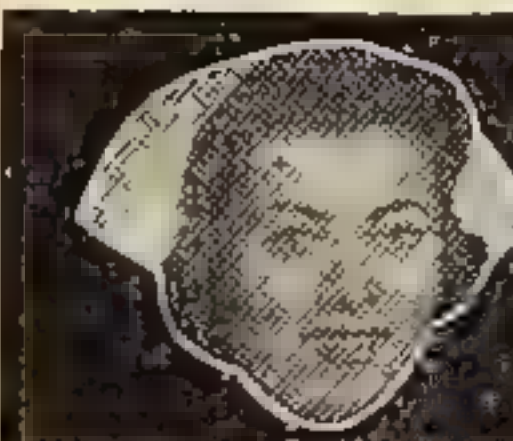
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HOW REALISTIC CAN YOU GET?

■ Shelley Winters longed to play before live audiences. The green-eyed blonde with the forthright manner got her chance in the Broadway hit, *A Hatful Of Rain*. When this highly dramatic play first opened, Shelley noticed that, during an especially moving scene, there were peculiar, distracting noises coming from the audience. The scene had Shelley—about to become a mother—seizing the hand of her stage husband and pressing it to her body, so that he might catch the movements of her unborn baby. Afterward, Shelley asked the stage manager about the strange noises she'd heard.

"You mean those snapping sounds?" he asked, looking amused.

The actress nodded.

"Why," he explained, "those are the women in the audience taking handkerchiefs out of their pocketbooks and snapping 'em shut. As long as you hear those sounds you've got nothing to worry about!"

junie on the spot

(Continued from page 34) adored cooking for six or sixty hungry people.

Q: Who are your best friends?

June: Two small people named Pam and Ricky. I feel if you can't be friends with your kids, what good is anything? Oh, I'm strict with them. But I'm strict only because I want *them* to be liked. Many times I'll chastise one of them and then go to my room and cry. But sometimes it's got to be done. Like one time when Ricky was planning to have lunch with the carpenter who works for us. It's a big treat for him. But he was a bad boy that morning and I had to forbid him to go. Well, he sobbed and sobbed. It took all the strength I have to stop myself from wiping the tears from his eyes and sending him off to his lunch treat. But I didn't. And the next day—well, it would make a better story to tell you he was bad the next day. But he was as good as gold. And he even forgave me.

Q: How about you, June? Are you sentimental?

June: Are you kidding? *Everything* makes me melt. I'm soft-hearted Sally, a sitting duck. Richard (Sr., that is) claims that I cry at the commercials on television. But that hasn't been proved yet. Richard is sentimental too. But you'll never get him to admit it.

Q: Do you think marriage to Dick has changed you in any important ways?

June: Yes. In at least one very important way. I'm not so selfish any more. When

foothold, I guess I thought so long and so hard about myself and my life that it got to be a real habit. But in marriage you've just got to think of the other person. You give up things that you wanted very much, by adjusting to your husband. And then, suddenly, you find you didn't really want those things at all. What you really want is a happy husband.

Q: What's the nicest gift you ever received from your husband?

June: That's an easy one to answer, but you may find the answer a little odd. It's nothing frilly, or feminine or the least bit romantic. Last Monday was our anniversary and Richard gave me my heart's desire: a big, large, gigantic, new refrigerator!

Q: That's a nice small dream to have come true. Have you had any big dreams come true lately?

June: Yes. When I was a little girl I wanted more than anything else to be—not a nurse, like most girls, but a *doctor*. But we never had enough money. And, do you know what? My brother lives with us now, in a cottage near the house and he's going to medical school. So, in a way, it's my old dream coming true. Not for me, but for my brother.

Q: Is there a big dream hidden away somewhere right now?

June: The answer to that is emphatically yes! Except it's not hidden very well. I want more than anything else to be able to sing, *really* sing! And with more lessons and some patience from my family while I practice, I'll do it! I want to fulfill all the talents I neglected when I was a kid. I started out as a singer-dancer. People forget that and are so surprised when I'm mentioned for a musical picture. I know it sounds funny but quiet Mrs. June Powell was a chorus girl in New York years ago.

Q: What was the most awful day of your life?

June: Hmmm. I won't say it was the most awful, but the day I have in mind *was* the saddest. It was Christmas Eve and I had just gotten a job in a Broadway show. And on Christmas, I lost the job. I went down to the bus stop the next day and saw the company off with real tears in my eyes. It was like an unhappy ending to a fairy tale. It was even snowing as I waved good-bye to the company.

Q: Doesn't that make Christmas a pretty sad memory?

June: No siree. Because some years later, after little June came to Hollywood, married and lived happily ever after—she had a child. A boy named Ricky. And he was born on Christmas Eve. All during my pregnancy I used to joke with Richard saying, "I'll give you a Christmas present no one can match." And I wanted to give birth at Christmas time so very much that I really think I kind of willed it to happen just at the right time. My doctor doesn't go along with this theory. I do.

Q: How about the size of your family? Will you leave it at the status quo, or have more children?

June: I like good-sized families. In fact right now I'm trying to talk Richard into having more children. Two more. But Dick is reluctant because he has two kids from a former marriage you know. And, from his point of view, he feels maybe a total of four is enough. But I haven't given up the campaign yet.

Q: June, have you ever lost hope completely? Ever given in to despair?

June: No, I've always been able to see my way out of . . . No, I'm wrong. There was one time. When Richard (Sr.) almost died. He was in the bedroom with

me when he suddenly collapsed on the floor with a burst appendix.

Somehow (I'll never know how), I managed to drag him to the bed and call the doctor. I lost twenty pounds in the first four days he was in the hospital. They'd given him up for dead. I stayed there day and night until finally one of the Sisters at the hospital sent me home to change my clothes. As soon as I got to the house the phone rang. It was the hospital. I was to come back right away. They'd given Richard the last rites.

I tell you, I didn't cry any more, or pray any more. I was drained of everything. There was nothing left inside of me to go on living. Four weeks later, thanks to God and Dick's own good strength, they brought him home almost well. Then I cried, finally, and prayed in gratitude.

Q: People have said you're a very temperamental star. Is that true?

June: Absolutely not; I do *not* go flouncing off sets and throwing dresses at people. I don't know how that got started, but people used to write these things about me. Then when I showed up on the set of a new picture everybody expected me to be impossible to work with. I've had prop men and make-up people come to me and apologize for the ideas they'd had about me.

Q: How about the fact that some people (probably the same ones) have said that you're a—dare we repeat it?—scatter-brain?

June: That's an easy one to answer. Once again I think that's a fantasy based on a few parts I've played in movies. The same as the "Girl In The Peter Pan Collar" idea. I'm level-headed, not scrambled-brained, and next week I'm going to a party and I'll wear a lovely dress.

Q: Do you have an ideal image of the kind of woman you admire, would want to be like?

June: My ideal has always been Ingrid Bergman, whom I've kind of worshiped from afar. Also, Ginger Rogers. And Ginger is now my very good friend.

Q: What do you think is a woman's best friend . . . her greatest need?

June: (WITH A BROAD GRIN) A great big large, gigantic, new . . . refrigerator.

Q: Every public figure, especially a movie star, is often the center of a lot of conjecture . . . some true, some false. What do you most wish people would stop thinking, saying and writing about you?

June: (Soberly) Most of all I wish that people would stop saying that Richard and I are breaking up again. It's fantastic really. A while ago, Richard and I had a sort of second honeymoon. We went to Honolulu and had a sun-drenched, romantic holiday to end all sun-drenched romantic holidays. Then, in the middle of the night, suddenly the phone rang. Richard answered. It was my agent.

"Listen," he said to Dick, "I'm sorry to wake you, but there have been reports that you and June are in Honolulu together but that you're living at separate hotels."

Richard scrubbed his eyes sleepily and answered, "Well, there's a bed next to mine. And in that bed there's a blonde I think I recognize the hair . . . one minute while I check the face. Yep, it's my wife June all right. So I guess somebody must be wrong."

And whoever's wrong it's not Richard and me. Because we're right. We're as right as two people can be.

June will be appearing in *U-I's AND RIDING A TIGER*.

we waited five years

(Continued from page 49) every day from the New Year asking them if they were being married on January 29th, when the divorce of Paul's wife, Jackie Witte Newman, became final.

They lied, these two attractive and passionate rebels, because the moment was so important to them.

They had waited five years for it, trying to kill their love and only increasing it; trying to keep thousands of miles between them, and continually coming together again; seeking out others to love, and forgetting them because they could only remember one another—Paul Newman, the married man and father, and Joanne Woodward, the finely brought-up, sensitive girl who recoiled from the position of being the other woman.

Never once in those five long years had they permitted an informal picture to be taken of them together. Never once in the five years have they been seen out alone together—and this in a town where romances are staged for publicity and many a girl telephones many a man she has never met and sets up a red-hot date.

Call it old-fashioned, if you will. Call it idealism, as it has been with Joanne and Paul. Call it crazy that so fierce was their wish never to trade on the dream between them that they wouldn't even consent to being in a film together until Paul's wife had filed the divorce. And even when the moment came on January 29th and they stood before District Judge Frank McNamee in Las Vegas and heard the words that pronounced them man and wife, even then they had no photographs taken, no newsmen present.

This was their love finally come to fruition. . . .

It all began . . .

They had fallen in love at their first meeting, back stage in New York, in 1953, when the twenty-two-year-old Georgia girl and the twenty-eight-year-old handsome war veteran, so recently graduated from Yale, were cast as understudies for Ralph Meeker and Janice Rule.

Back there in 1953, Joanne Woodward wasn't the slim blonde girl you see on screen now. Her slim, dynamic appearance was to come later, actually in Hollywood, on one of her many trips, which she made flying away from Paul, determined to put him out of her life altogether.

Neither was Paul the charming, assured young man you see on screen now. He was a very troubled young man, trying to get a foothold in an incredible world which he had loved from childhood but which he wasn't sure he could make into a profession for himself. His wife was all against it—its insecurities, its rowdy atmosphere—even though she had met him through the theatre.

He had enlisted in the Navy, shortly after Pearl Harbor, and had been sent to Yale for the V-12 program. Yale discovered he was color-blind and he became a radio man, third class, riding torpedo planes in the Pacific for three years. But even while he was at Yale the acting bug he had had ever since childhood re-infected him: even in wartime, they were having drama classes at the college.

Later, out of uniform, restless as most boys were under those circumstances, Paul enrolled in Kenyon College. He told himself he would major in economics. He did, too. But he also starred in ten campus plays. After he graduated, he thought he could safely give himself a couple of months in a summer stock company before he settled down to the serious business of life.

So he signed up with a small stock com-

pany playing at Williams Bay, Wisconsin—and met a pretty girl named Jackie Witte. Paul and Jackie were cast opposite one another in *John Loves Mary*. It was the most natural thing in the world that they should translate that into *Paul loves Jackie*. They were married in December of 1949.

At almost the same time, Paul's father died—in Cleveland, where Paul had been born and brought up. His very successful sporting goods store was there, needing a manager. It was a ready-made job for Paul.

So he took it.

The first son

There actually wasn't much else he could do. He and Jackie were expecting a baby, their son Scott.

Paul had always loved sports. And with his personality, he was a natural salesman. But the dream of acting stayed with him. It made no sense—a couple of years later, when he and Jackie were expecting their second baby—that he should pull up stakes and go back to Yale.

But he did. It was a compulsion. With Jackie and Scott and the baby-to-be, he went back to Yale's drama school and to the friends he had made during the war years.

With his looks, the distance from Yale in New Haven to tv in New York was a mere stroll.

From the moment he showed his face in the casting offices, Paul Newman was hot and he did show after show after show.

Ginger Rogers sat with Ethel Merman at the Harwyn Club and mentioned her night-club debut at the Havana Riviera. "You'll find this out, about working in night clubs," Miss Merman warned her, "there'll always be someone at a back table complaining he can't hear a word you're singing—while you hear every word he's complaining."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

The money wasn't big but it was more than the sporting goods store paid him. He took a place down on Long Island for himself and his family. But it wasn't folksy as had been Cleveland, the old home town, the old home acquaintances.

That didn't matter to Paul anyway. He was living in another world, the world of theatrical excitement, of dreams, of hopes. To Jackie it mattered terribly. She hated the insecurity of it, the wildness of it. And while people in the tv studios were always flocking around Paul, telling him how spectacular his success would be. . . . Jackie stayed down on Long Island, aloof from such an atmosphere.

Paul meets Joanne

Less than six months after he had left Yale, Paul was signed as understudy for the stage production of *Picnic*. There he met Joanne Woodward.

Once a show has opened, the understudies have nothing to do. Nothing to do but sit backstage and hope, and talk and talk and talk.

Their minds fell in love long before their hearts did. The most enduring loves often start this way, mind meeting mind, compatibility meeting compatibility, enthusiasm igniting enthusiasm. It was this way with Joanne and Paul. Night after night, as they talked and talked and talked, they told themselves they were nothing but friends. Very fine friends. Wonderful friends.

Only Joanne was such an unusual girl. And Paul was such an unusual fellow.

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"KID, YOU'VE GOT TALENT."

■ "Kid, you got talent," said the plump, well-dressed man as he bit on his dollar cigar. "But you got to get off that dreamy kick. When you sing for me I want the hell sung out of a sung. Belt it right down their throats."



The 'kid' was about twenty. He wasn't tall, but he wasn't short. He had large velvet eyes, a shock of Italian-black hair and high cheekbones. He wasn't handsome either. And though his waiter's uniform—the smallest the restaurant owner could find—hung loosely on his gaunt frame, he wasn't as frail as you might think.

But to the casual observer the 'kid' was just about as unimpressive as the cup of coffee he was setting down before the big man.

"I don't know what you mean by belting it out, Sir," the kid replied.

"Louder, kid, louder. That's what I mean. Now you sing here in this joint every night. Instead of that sick-cow symphony stuff you hand 'em, you ought to give 'em a few jazzy numbers. Make 'em tap their feet. Make 'em

happy! You don't want to be a singing waiter all your life, do you?"

"Well, not exactly," the kid replied. "But I don't think I ought to sing that—that—well, whatever you called it. I don't feel that kind of music inside."

The fat man got up. "Kid, the one thing you got to learn in show business is to do what you're told. Now I book singers. I know what people go for. You'll never get no place by singin' only what you feel. You young guys are all alike. Think you know everything. Why you couldn't get a job with a fourth-rate band, now, could you?"

The kid shook his head slowly.

"There. You see what I mean? Take my advice, kid. Get some hot licks in your throat and you might amount to something."

The big man threw a dime on the table and left.

One man, in a far corner of the room watched the kid as though he were planning something. When the boy passed his table, he called him over.

"I heard what that loud-mouth told you a few minutes ago," said the man. "Forget him. I've been by three or four times in the last month and I think you're getting better. You've got a kind of funny little slide in your voice. Don't lose it. Stick to the songs you feel, no matter what anybody tells you. I'm a musician, a horn man. But I'm forming a band of my own. How'd you like to front the male side for me?"

"Mister you just name the time and the place. I'll be there!"

"Hey, wait a minute," the man hollered to the kid as he headed for the phone to call his mother, "how will I bill you? What name are you going to use?"

The kid yelled back, "Just call me Frankie! Frank Sinatra! What's yours?"

"I've got two first names," the man laughed. "Put 'em together and call me Harry James."

Frank can now be seen in Columbia's PAL JOEY and will soon be in United Artists' KINGS GO FORTH.

As people falling in love with one another always discover. . . .

For instance, Paul discovered the first dollar Joanne had ever earned was when she swiped jonquils out of her family's backyard and sold them in the front yard for five cents a bunch. By the time she was six, she was directing and starring in front-porch shows and dragging people in off the Georgia streets and charging them a nickel for watching. She was just twenty-one when she had broken into tv in New York, on no less than a Robert Montgomery show. She had graduated from the Neighborhood Playhouse Dramatic School a mere two weeks before, and there she was, earning \$300 for a very few minutes' work.

But she had handicaps to overcome. There was, Joanne told Paul, nothing worse than being a shy Southern girl, a Georgia girl who *didn't* want to be a belle or a flirt. She had an accent she had to get rid of, and she hoped to cure her terrible thriftiness that wouldn't let her ever throw anything away, made her go to shops and see the \$500 dresses and come home and carry them herself for ten dol-

lars, and which let her know more ways to prepare left-over foods than he could possibly believe.

Such foolish things Joanne told Paul, back stage, night after night.

Just talking

Paul told her his dreams, his theories about acting, about his wife, his son, about how he had loathed the sporting goods business. He told Joanne how he hated ordinary sociability—like cocktail parties, for instance. She hated them too. He said, if he ever got a movie offer, he didn't think he'd like Hollywood. Joanne said she already had movie offers, but she didn't think she'd like Hollywood either. And so on and on and on.

They had excitements to share, too, these two eager people. There were those rare but wonderful nights when they actually went on, standing in for Ralph Meeker and Janice Rule. Sometimes it would be Paul's evening, when Joanne would be off-stage, just the understudy. Sometimes it was her evening, and there were a couple of memorable times when they actually were both in the show.

By the time *Picnic* closed in the summer of 1954, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward *knew* what had happened to them. They had fallen in love. Being honorable people, they were in a panic about it.

It was Joanne who did something about it. She decided to take a vacation in Hollywood. She bought herself a round-trip tourist ticket and hoped she could forget New York. That's what she told herself, forget New York. She meant to forget Paul Newman.

She tried to wear herself out so that she would sleep at night and not dream of him. She did seven tv shows in succession in New York in less than seven weeks, then came to Hollywood and did three—but that took three months, three lonely, bitter months.

She went back to New York and became engaged to a charming man who is still one of her best friends. But 20th-Fox had seen her last tv show, sent for her and signed her. That began her series of treks back and forth across the country. She kept turning down scripts and once, for a test, she arrived in Hollywood on Thanksgiving Day; she didn't know a soul in town and ate her dinner alone in a drug store.

Forgetting at all costs

When she heard that Paul Newman was coming to Hollywood for *The Silver Chalice* she rushed back to New York. She tried to get out of her film contract—but they wouldn't release her. She tagged herself a rebel with a clause, broke her engagement to the nice man, got herself engaged to another nice man, and a little later broke that.

There is one thing about being a name. News is printed about you.

Joanne, after *The Silver Chalice* was finished, could easily discover from the theatrical news just where Paul was—and try not to be there. So when he returned to New York late in December, 1954, she left for Hollywood, accepting the script of *Count Three and Pray*. Then she made *A Kiss Before Dying*. This brought her up to 1955.

A small world

And 1955 brought Paul to Hollywood again, to make *The Rack*. On a sound stage Joanne and Paul ran into one another.

He hadn't seen her with her new blonde hair. He hadn't seen her slimmed down to 108 pounds, and looking svelte and sophisticated in her new Hollywood wardrobe—and the happiness blazing on her face at sight of him made it almost impossible for him not to take her into his arms then and there.

But again they tried, this time living in the same curious small town. They carefully avoided each other. It wasn't until very late in 1956 that Jackie Witte Newman agreed to a separation, and it was a full year after that before Joanne and Paul ever went out to a party together, even let their names become "an item."

They are giving themselves a two-months honeymoon in Europe, where neither of them has ever been before. Their house is being built, and there just may be a chance that it will be ready for them to move into on their return. It won't matter to Joanne and Paul too much if it isn't.

For now they can be together, openly and freely, eating Joanne's marvelous cooking, reading, talking, listening to records, being in love.

Forever, they believe. . . .

END

Joanne and Paul are together in 20th-Fox's *THE LONG, HOT SUMMER*. Paul will appear in MGM's *CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF*, and for Warner Bros. in *THE LEFT-HANDED GUN*.

the shocking life of brigitte bardot

(Continued from page 23) tragic secret that made Garbo, still young, become a recluse, give up movies, refuse to wear make-up or even walk in the streets without heavy black veils over her lovely face. That is the fear that made Claudette Colbert, ordinarily the most obliging of women, a demon in front of the cameras—fighting for just the right angle, just the right profile, until she was the gossip of New York and Hollywood. That is the reason—the only reason—behind Marilyn Monroe's famous latenesses; she spends those extra hours before her mirror, desperately applying make-up to what she considers a disfiguring 'bump' on her nose, arranging and rearranging her hair to cover her "bad, bad face." And that is why Kim Novak permits herself to be criticised, even laughed at, for the long minutes she spends staring at herself in any mirror she happens to pass, why she cannot seem to tear herself away from her own image, gazing back with fear-filled eyes.

And it is that which has made Brigitte Bardot, the youngest and most desired of them all, a divorcée, a self-styled "shocker," and an attempted suicide at the age of twenty-three. . . .

This is her story.

Brigitte Bardot was born in Paris. There were, it is true, more beautiful babies born that day, but if her parents were disappointed they hid it well. They had, besides, other things to think about. Papa was a manufacturer, concerned greatly with the technical problems involved in marketing liquid oxygen. Mama, who operated a dress shop and was known, even in Paris, for her personal *chic*, was pleased to be getting her excellent figure back. There was no lack of money, no lack of care for Brigitte. She was to have the best of everything.

But something was wrong. As Brigitte grew from baby to little girl, even the best hairdresser couldn't get her lank blonde hair to curl. The best dentist could only report that there was no infection in her gums that gave her bottom lip that swollen look. She was born that way, and that was all there was to that.

Make the best of it

Mama and Papa sighed philosophically. It appeared that little Brigitte would never be a credit to the dress shop, clothed in blue velvet, showing off to the customers. It appeared that Papa had better keep his photos of his baby daughter in the desk drawer when important clients visited his offices in the factory. But so what? She was still their daughter, still their Brigitte, and they loved her. She would always know that, and nothing else would matter.

But it is hard to keep the facts of life from a child, even when you insulate her in an elaborate nursery and make sure her nurse finds only the finest children for her playmates. It's hard to keep a little girl from creeping off into a dark corner to torture a stray lock of hair around a dampened finger, praying that just once it will curl like Shirley Temple's. It's hard to keep a little girl from looking at her face in the mirror instead of at the pretty dresses Mama brings home—looking and looking—and turning away in hate.

She grew up lonely and frightened. The world, to her, was full of pretty girls—and she was the only ugly duckling. She hid her scared eyes behind glasses. She envied the others, the handsome and assured youngsters she played with, so much that she couldn't bear to be with them. "I detest them all!" she said angrily when Mama, concerned, asked why she

was home so much when other girls were roller-skating, tea-partying together. "I like to stay home. So I'm lazy—so what?"

But Mama was not to be deceived forever. It was not good for a child to be always indoors, brooding. "I do not mind what you choose to do," she told Brigitte finally, "but you must do something to get out of the house, be with people. Perhaps you would like to take a course. Singing? Painting? Dancing? I give you your choice, *ma chère*. But you must pick something, and do it."

Brigitte couldn't draw, and she knew it. The idea of singing, standing up before rows of staring eyes, was too horrible to contemplate. But dancing—that wasn't so bad. There would be a whole crowd making the same movements, and she would perhaps be at the end of the line where no one would notice her.

So, at the age of ten, Brigitte Bardot bought her first *tutu* and ballet slippers—and walked in them into a new world.

Unaccustomed joy

The obvious had happened. She had discovered her body. And that—oh, that was quite a different matter from her swollen-lipped face. Even at ten, her body had grace. Her body had charm. Her body could do things that Brigitte had never dreamed of—twirl, leap, bend, soar! Far from hiding her at the end of a line, her teacher dragged her out to the center of the floor over and over again. "Watch how *la petite Mlle. Bardot* does it," he would admonish the other children. And Brigitte, her face flushed with an unaccustomed joy, would float as if she wore invisible wings on her straight little back.

When she was thirteen she, and a hundred and fifty other girls, took the test for entrance into the National Conservatory of Music and Dancing. For the next week, her parents walked almost on tiptoe around the house—the slightest harsh word would send Brigitte into nervous tantrums, the suspense had her so keyed up. At the end of the week, Mama walked into the old nursery—now Brigitte's bedroom—and found her daughter in tears on the bed, an official-looking letter crumpled in her hand.

Madame Bardot clucked her tongue sympathetically and reached out to take her daughter in her arms. "There, there. You'll try again next year—you'll pass next year."

But the face Brigitte raised to her was radiant below the tears. "I did pass! Seven other girls and me!" The tears were of joy.

She was going to be a ballerina!

For the next two years she lived and breathed dancing.

And at school she was still tongue-tied Brigitte, sure she was being laughed at behind her back, snickered at whenever she stood up in class to answer a question, because of "my ugly face." But at the Conservatory—there she was *La Bardot*, star pupil. There no one looked at her face—their eyes followed her flashing, graceful body as it whirled through intricate routines. There her body was queen.

When she was fifteen her parents finally gave in to her pleas—they allowed her to drop out of her academic courses and concentrate entirely on dancing.

And so, for a while, she was happy. But then a strange thing suddenly happened.

"I need money," said Brigitte Bardot to one of the girls at the school. Why, she didn't say. Had the bottom dropped out

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"You oughta be in Movies," the producer said . . .

■ There's a true Cinderella story of a world-wide search for a girl to co-star with Marlon Brando in WARNERS' *Sayonara*—which ended in Hollywood's own backyard.

Producer William Goetz, director Joshua Logan and Solly Baiano, WARNERS' talent executive, began their search in Japan and carried it throughout the Far East, Europe and every sizable city in the United States, trying to find just the right gal to co-star with Marlon Brando.

Finally, discouraged, they decided to settle on a well-known actress when they spotted Miiko Taka at the Nisei Festival in Los Angeles last fall.

"But," says Miiko, "I thought they were kidding me. You know, you hear the stories about 'you ought to be in movies'—and besides I didn't think I was an actress.

"I finally decided to test for the role when my friends kept insisting," she said.

"And when they told me I had the role, I couldn't believe it!"

It is ironic that during WARNER BROS. search for a leading lady in Hollywood, Miss Taka—who was born in this country—was taking her first trip to Japan to visit her grandparents. When the search moved to Japan, Miss Taka was en route back to the United States. It was the merest chance that brought the talent searchers and Miiko together.

of the oxygen factory? Had the customers lost interest in Mama Bardot's particular taste in clothes? Her friend wondered, but didn't ask. If Brigitte needed money it could only be for one thing—to stay in school. And that she must do. So she looked her over thoughtfully.

"Well, you can't type and you can't take shorthand, and you mustn't take a job standing all day selling behind a counter—you would ruin your feet. So there's only one thing. You must model part-time. I do it often. It pays very well."

Brigitte stared at her dumfounded. Model? The girl must be mad. Models were beautiful, not ugly. She would be laughed at instantly. But she couldn't say so out loud. So she accepted silently the copy of the fashion magazine offered to her, took down the names of some agencies, and promised to think it over. And that night in bed she looked

you took their faces apart, she discovered, most models were not precisely beautiful. Interesting, yes. Photogenic, yes. And they had good figures. Brigitte crept out of bed and stared at herself in the mirror. For the first time she examined her body less for what it could do on the ballet stage than for what it was. And she had to admit—it wasn't bad. For all her exercising, her legs had not grown knotty as most dancers' do, her bosom had not grown flat. Indeed, for a fifteen-year-old girl—she was, you might say, well-developed.

"All right," said Brigitte, shivering in the chilly room, "I'll try. If they laugh at me—so what?"

But they didn't laugh. They looked at her perhaps a little doubtfully, and then a man said, "Here. Go change into this and come back." He handed her a scanty bathing suit, showed her a dressing room. Behind the curtained doorway, Brigitte climbed into the suit. She took a deep breath and walked out.

And they very definitely didn't laugh.

The road up

The bathing suits got briefer and briefer, the nightgowns she posed in flimsier and flimsier. It never occurred to Brigitte that she was doing anything odd, appearing half-naked before strange men, posing provocatively. It was so simple to her. Her body, her great blessing, was getting her what she wanted, as it had since she discovered it when she was ten. It so enchanted these men that they never seemed to notice her face, seemed scarcely interested in it at all. Her body was earning the money she needed to go on with her dancing. It was wonderful, truly wonderful.

And even more wonderful when one of the photographers fell in love with her.

His name was Roger Vadim, and he was a photographer-journalist for Paris-Match. That alone was enough to impress Brigitte, for Paris-Match is the French equivalent of Life Magazine, and to be pictured in it—is success. But there was more to Roger than that. He was older, handsome, and ambitious.

"I am going to be a film director," he told Brigitte at their first meeting. "I am going to make movies that will be shown all over the world. I will be very rich, very famous."

She believed him. Nervously, she invited him to a little party at her house. There would be some friends from the ballet school. To her amazement, he said yes.

Which came first that night—love, or the great idea? Neither of them knew. Brigitte danced with her friends, flirted a little with one of the boys from school who had taken to following her about a bit. But from the corner of her eye, she watched Roger, and in a corner of her mind she wished that the others would leave early—and Roger would stay. As for him, he watched only Brigitte. There was something about her—charming, enticing, innocent and provocative at the same time. She moved her body like a young cat—yet she seemed to have no idea that every man in the room was entranced by her. Her face glowed with youth and beauty, her lips pouted adorably—and yet he had heard that she thought she was homely as a hag.

If she were his, he would teach her how beautiful she was, how precious. He would—he would make an actress of her, a movie star, a dream of all men. If she loved him too, he would—

No, they never knew which came first. But by the time the others said *good night* and drifted away, by the time Brigitte and Roger were alone together at last, it was

already almost decided that they were in love. And by the time they were done talking at three o'clock in the morning, Brigitte was almost convinced that not only would she be Roger's bride, but a movie star as well.

For he had said everything so exactly right. He had told her his brilliant plans, and she cried out, "You are crazy! A movie star, me? With this face, this wrinkly nose, bulging lips?" And he had not told her the truth—that she was beautiful. That, she wouldn't believe; not yet. Later she would see it herself, gradually, as the whole world fell in love with her. But now he said only, "They'll never notice your face, Brigitte. We'll show them your wonderful body—"

Mama and Papa smiled indulgently when Brigitte told them she and Roger wished to marry. They liked Roger, they would have no objections if, in three years, they still felt the same way. Surely they would not mind waiting until Brigitte was eighteen?

It seemed reasonable to them both. It would give Brigitte a chance to grow up, Roger a chance to learn the art of film directing.

Three years later, on Brigitte's eighteenth birthday, both dreams came true . . . it seemed. They were married, and they began work on the first Brigitte Bardot picture, directed by Roger Vadim. It was not a low, but a *tiny*-budget picture—but it was theirs. While they worked on it, they were happy. Roger coached Brigitte in every scene—every pout, every wiggle, every flirtatious glance was carefully directed. Brigitte adored him. She would wake in the night to stare silently at the wonder of having him lying beside her. When money ran out, her parents sent some, and the Vadims ate well for a week. They were happy.

Then the picture was completed. Brigitte saw it. That night when Roger got home, his wife was nowhere to be found. Worried, he called her parents, her friends. No one had seen her. His worry turned to terror. In a borrowed car he searched the streets of Paris until he found her—leaning on the rail of a bridge, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"I'm so ugly," she wept as he bundled her into a coat and drove her home. "So ugly . . . I never knew just how ugly . . . like an old hag . . ."

He couldn't get her to stop crying.

The road continues

But she went on making movies, trying to get more work whenever a film was completed. It would be wrong to say that Roger forced her into a career she hated—entirely wrong. For like the other beauties who have lived with her fear, Brigitte constantly tried to prove to herself that she was wrong and everyone else was right—she was pretty. She showed herself over and over, hoping that the miracle would happen: someone would say, "You're beautiful!" and she—she would believe it. And in the meantime, she had her "wonderful body." In that, she did believe. She put it on display as much as the law would allow—and in France, that's a good deal. She developed, under Roger's tutelage, a wiggle that would have made Monroe blush scarlet.

Naturally, she became famous.

Not outside of France—her pictures were banned in almost every country. But in France, by the time she was twenty-one, she was queen at the box-office, queen of the fan-mail, queen of the dreams of a million men. Roger won success not only because of her, but because of his own talent as a director. They should have been ideally happy.

They were not. To Brigitte, reading

her own publicity, seeing her name in lights, her face on the screen, it was as if she had climbed to a high place on a shakey ladder—as if any moment she would look back and the ladder would be gone, the world would be saying, *Ugly girl, how you have deceived us!* and she would fall faster and harder than she had climbed. On the set, she went further and further with her exposure of herself, her handling of risqué scenes. Offstage the quotes she gave out to newsmen were carefully planned to make her as sexy as possible:

"I do not own a bra. If the weather gets very, very cold, then maybe I put on a little thin pair of panties. Otherwise—

"I do not like lipstick. I like to kiss, and if I wear lipstick it makes a big mess for the man and me.

"I only play myself on the screen. That is why I like free, wild, sexy parts."

She threw herself into a dozen activities to keep herself from thinking. She developed a tremendous love of animals, once tried to persuade Roger to adopt a goat—to live in their apartment's bathroom. She read murder mysteries the way a chain smoker smokes. She developed odd fears—of men in uniforms, of fires, sudden death. And more and more often, there were the lonely walks in the night, the tears on the bridges of Paris.

Faced with this new, tense Brigitte, Roger no longer knew the right things to say. Brigitte would walk into the house, her hair uncombed, her makeup askew. A second later she would be leaving again.

"Where are you going?"

She would turn, looking at him with a peculiar expression. "I'm going to a dance with one of the extras from the movie. A boy."

Roger thought he was proving his love. "All right. Have fun."

But to Brigitte all it meant was that he had finally realized that she was nothing, that he no longer cared. Why should he? Working all day in the studio, he had plenty of chance to compare her to the really pretty girls. She was absolutely confident that he had found one for himself.

In the end, he did.

Roger was kind

When the marriage broke up, these two people who had understood each other so well no longer had even an idea of what the other was thinking. "Brigitte may tell you," Roger said in an interview, "that we broke up because I was jealous. But that is not true. I was never jealous of her. Maybe I should have smacked her the first time she looked at another man. But she always looked so innocent."

And the papers that carried that story also carried a quote from Brigitte, an

unusually honest one. "How could I believe he loved me? He was never jealous...."

There was a long separation while the divorce—a difficult matter in France—was arranged. On the day the final papers were served, Roger Vadim's pretty girl friend gave birth to his baby, a daughter, in a Paris hospital.

Brigitte, interviewed by excited reporters, gave out one of her typical statements to the press. "Of course I knew about the baby. I am very happy for them both. I have bought a beautiful crib for a present—and I have asked to be godmother if they like."

Even in France, that made headlines.

The next day Brigitte had another announcement to make. "It is wrong to blame the break-up of my marriage on my husband. You see, I fell in love with another man." Who?

"Jean-Louis Trintignant. It is funny, no? You see, he plays my lover in *And God Created Woman*, so Roger must direct us in the love scenes together!"

Very funny, no.

This reality

What has developed between Jean-Lou and Brigitte since that day is real enough. Real enough so that he, a handsome young actor, has finally asked his estranged wife for a divorce—they were separated before he met Brigitte . . . and was refused firmly, for his wife is an ardent Catholic. Real enough so that Brigitte has taken an apartment where she can cook for Jean-Lou, wait for him when he is away on a picture assignment, and give out quotes like, "We have fallen very, very much in love. We are acting like mad people. There is no organization in our lives. In any case, what other people think doesn't worry me at all."

And real enough so that, according to her closest friends, only weeks ago, Brigitte attempted to end her life with sleeping pills.

That is not the end of the story. The attempt failed, and was of course denied. Brigitte took off on a skiing tour in a secluded village. And Jean-Lou with some understanding told the press, "Underneath, Brigitte has a deep sensitivity. Beneath all that varnish, there is a true woman, one who is self-tortured and unhappy. I say to myself, *This girl is lost, and maybe I can bring something to her.*"

Maybe he can.

Maybe some day he will be able to bring marriage to go along with his love, and a sense of security and some 'organization.'

Maybe he will even be able to bring her the greatest gift of all—the greatest gift to the Garbos, the Monroes, the Brigitte Bardots—the gift of belief in themselves, and in their beauty.

END

honey, you can have a baby

(Continued from page 41) a real love, a real home for the first time in your life. A home not likely to vanish in a puff of smoke, a love not endangered by a small quarrel or even a big trouble. You've proved that you can stand by your husband no matter what. You have a life now, to bring a child into.

And yet, there is no baby.

You have had two miscarriages, trying. We know that. The first brought an end to a pregnancy you hadn't even admitted to. You were making *The Prince And The Show Girl* then, and it was your first movie on your own, the movie that was to prove to the world that the dumb-

blonde bit you'd been playing off-screen and on for so long was just an act. But it was a glamorous part, and nothing was to spoil the impression you wanted to make. So you said you weren't pregnant, and you and Arthur and a few close friends hugged the secret in private—you were going to have a baby. There would be plenty of time to announce it when the picture was done.

But the announcement was never made. The baby was never born. All the world got was the sudden ring of truth in your sad denials: "No, I'm not pregnant. Please, leave me alone."

That was the first time.

The second—well, the second is more than half a year behind now—yet it still hurts to think of it. Those weeks of

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An early morning encounter with ANNA MAGNANI

■ The young American was thrilled.

He had been in Rome only a few days and he had found the perfect apartment. What's more, movie star Anna Magnani lived in the same building.

"You'll see her," a neighbor told him, "if you get up early enough. Just look out in the courtyard." Then she laughed, but she wouldn't explain why.

"Just look out in the courtyard," she repeated. She lowered her voice for added significance.

"And just think," she said, "it's the best grade beef!" She would say nothing more.

The mystery was too much for the young man. He left his door ajar so that he would hear the famous actress if she came down the stairs, and spent a sleepless night.

Sure enough, around dawn there were footsteps on the stairs. He crept to the door and peeked out.

Anna Magnani was coming down the staircase. Her arms were outstretched and she held her skirt out like an apron. It was filled with great chunks of raw red beef!

She continued down the stairs and out of sight. Before he could get to the window, the young man was aware of a squalling in the courtyard.

Then he saw Miss Magnani walk out into the sunlight, surrounded by a hundred yowling furry objects.

Anna Magnani was feeding the homeless cats of Rome!

happiness in the privacy of your first real home with Arthur. The glow when you admitted there was a baby coming. The talk, the plans, the sense of fulfillment. And then—the nightmare ride to the hospital and the knowledge that this baby, too, would never be born.

A baby so young that even the doctors could not tell you if it would have been a boy or a girl—and it, too, had to die.

Do you know, Marilyn, that we still get letters—all these months later—weeping for you and your baby? It's true.

And sometimes they ask, "Why doesn't Marilyn try again?"

For you said you would. We remember the pictures of you when Arthur took you home from the hospital. You smiled for the cameramen and you walked down the steps yourself, though you shouldn't have. You waved your hand from the window of the ambulette and you said in a loud brave voice: "I'm going to have a big family. A big family—"

Marilyn, is it true that you've changed your mind? We hear that it is. That you've been tired and weak, that your recovery had left not physical scars but a more dangerous wound—discouragement, despair. We hear now that you are afraid to try again, afraid you were never meant to have that one greatest joy—a child to love.

That's why we're writing to you this way. Bringing out into the open things that are usually left for the privacy of a husband and wife. We're writing to say just one thing: you can have a baby.

We've done some checking, asked around. Your last pregnancy failed because somehow the baby was conceived, not in the womb where it should have

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been, but outside it, in the Fallopian tube. This is an accident, a mischance that does not, thank God, happen often—but often enough for the doctors to know all about it. And the doctors say that there is no reason why it should ever happen to you again.

But sometimes it goes deeper than that. Sometimes there's another barrier that keeps a woman from bearing a child.

What is the name of that barrier? Worry? Tension? Fear? Whatever its name, June Allyson met it once. Do you remember? She and Dick wanted so to have a baby. They went to doctors, had tests made. But time went on and no baby came and finally June found herself crossing streets to avoid friends with baby buggies, or a child waiting for its mama. They were bad days for the Powells, and then they adopted Pam. They found her in an orphanage in Tennessee, where so many movie stars have adopted children, and her brown eyes smiled at them. There were papers to fill out and time to wait, but finally they carried Pam home—and that might have been the end of the story, the three of them, happily ever after. But it wasn't the end. For the next year June—without benefit of doctors and tests, without fear, without even thinking about it, it seemed—became pregnant and gave birth to a son. Now (as you'll notice on page 34) there are four of them—June and Dick, Pam and Richy, to share the ever-after.

A natural miracle

An isolated example? No, not at all. Lita Calhoun was another one who finally be-

came pregnant—after almost adopting a baby. There are many, many others in Hollywood. And the adoption agencies will tell you of literally thousands more—supposedly childless women, who opened their hearts to a stranger's child, and suddenly found that they, too, were able to give birth. There have been volumes written, trying to explain why.

It seems sometimes as if there is more room for a child in a full home than in an empty house.

And then there are the others, the people like Roy Rogers and Dale, whose homes have found room not only for their own children, not only for their adopted children, but for the children whose real parents can neither care for them nor give them up altogether—the most homeless children of all: the foster children. These children move sometimes from house to house, going wherever there is room. They may live in one home for years—or in a dozen in twelve months. They write to their parents, visit them, love them—and long for them. For they are nobody's children.

And you were one of them once.

We won't go into that now. It's been told so many times. The years of anguish, the loneliness, the left-out feeling, the hurt. The changing women who told you to call them 'Mama'—and the worse ones who told you not to dare. The 'fathers' who accepted money for your board and room from the state—and worked you like a servant. And the scornful children who *did* belong—and saw to it you never forgot that you did not.

We know that's all behind you. We know you've earned your love and your place in the sun, that those years are over for you now. But, Marilyn, there are other children for whom those years are just beginning. There are other girls as desperately in need of love as you were once, as homeless in every house.

Love's gift

And all they need is what you have to offer. Not the material things. But—in your words—"Love. People caring. Smiling. And not being afraid."

If your arms are empty now, they could so easily be filled.

And we don't have to tell you—you know it so well—what such a love could mean to such a child.

Twice now, we've repeated your own words to you. Now we'd like you to read the words of another woman. She once said this:

"Show business at best is a false existence. Fame is a fleeting thing. The tinsel fades. The public may be fickle and forget you. But your child is always there to love you and open an umbrella when that proverbial rainy day comes into your life.

"A child doesn't care if the critics pan you. Your child believes you are perfect. A child doesn't judge you by your bank account. Your love is its riches and its love is your gold. A child doesn't care whether you're under contract or between jobs. A child doesn't care if you reach forty and have to take a back seat for some other rising star. Your heart may ache, but your child rejoices that you're home at last—where you belong."

You know who wrote that? Not a poet or a novelist. Another 'dumb-blond' as a matter of fact. Her name is Gracie Allen, Mrs. George Burns. And she was speaking of her adopted children.

Think about it for a while.

We believe that—even more than most women—you are meant to be a mother, Marilyn. We hope with all our hearts you make it soon.

With love,
David Myers



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